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THE MAGAZINE

THE SPECTATOR

January, 1977

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THE SPECTATOR

During January, The Spectator abandons its customary format and publishes The Magazine. The articles within are lengthier, more feature oriented, and, we hope, in many ways more interesting than those we usually publish. Regular weekly publication will resume February 11.

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The Medical School Sweepstakes

By Allan Hamilton

I played the game. I got good grades. I got high MCATs. I got into med school. I even got to choose among medical schools. I won big at the medical sweepstakes. I am one of the lucky ones.

Or am I?

Maybe I am just naive and foolish, blind to the price exacted by my premedical curriculum and have paid in a currency dearer than I know for my "victory?" Everyone assumes that a successful premedical student is prepared to make purposeful sacrifices. We assume the premedical process ensures a coherent, coordinated, precise, selective educational strategem which guarantees American medical schools the fittest candidates to fill those highly coveted positions.

But we are dead wrong. Premed represents an educational nightmare; it is largely a haphazard collection of anachronistic ideologies more firmly grounded on blind prejudice, social elitism and intellectual snobbery than on sound educational policies.

Is it time to ask when are we going to demand more from our premedical curricula? Yes, more! Medicine is heading into the stiff winds of change, and I question how much our undergraduate programs are shipping out leaders able to plot the new tacks and courses ahead in the medical profession.

It is useful to consider the premedical problem as a question of behavioral objectives. What do we want of a student when he or she has successfully completed the minimal academic requirements for admission to a medical school?

Allan Hamilton graduated from Ithaca College in 1972. He has been taking premed courses at Hamilton for the past two years, and will enter medical school next fall.

The 1977-1978 Medical School Admission Requirements handbook from the Association of American Medical Colleges (AMCAS) tells us: "There is a universal feeling that medicine demands superior attributes of its students and practitioners. Integrity and responsibility assume major importance within the research laboratory and the classroom, as well as with patients and colleagues. The schools also mention desirability of such other traits as curiosity, initiative, motivation, perseverance, purpose, and breadth of interests."

Now how do you encourage such traits to develop in a student, assuming these criteria should be sought? Do you establish a severely competitive academic environment where the GPA's reign supreme and where intellectual honesty is shadowed by "achievement"? Premedical curricula have contributed to the wholesale, cold-blooded slaughter of scholarship in medicine in the name of success. Hamilton College's hands are not clean of this crime either, I'm afraid.

On my first day at Hamilton I attended a meeting of nearly 200 freshmen interested in premedical studies. This year scarcely 30 seniors are applying to medical, dental, and veterinary schools combined. We are the tattered 30 who made it through the "cement-mixer," and we are proud because we have shown that perseverance AMCAS tells us is so desirable in med school applicants. We take some measure of ourselves from the fact that so few have made it.

But why did *we* make it? Because we are more brillant than the average lot? Hardly. We made it because we worked harder and longer than the others, because we put our noses to the grindstone and held them there when others gave up, because we sacrificed "the night out on the town" and frivolous hours over a beer. Are we better health professionals for it? Many of us have not pursued full social lives because of heavy academic demands; we have fallen into socially limited human beings.

How healthy is that for the doctor or dentist who must be able to quickly establish trusting relationships with patients so that health problems can be frankly discussed? How is the health professional who spent his most crucial period of social development married to textbooks (who now perspires at the thought of doing the "Hustle" in public) going to comprehend the peculiar sexual neutrality that permits him to perform a gynecological examination? How is the woman who forsook the critical sexual experiences of her youth (to fondle her histology sections late into the night) supposed to adequately discuss testicular cancer with her male patients?

What about those students whose interest in premed died? Were those students intellectually inferior, lacking in moral fiber? No. They simply decided the price was not worth it. For the most part the academic nightmare of participating in a course with premedical students discourages many. Some students want separate courses for premedical students—but not to provide premeds with more accelerated material and the opportunity to examine medical topics in greater depth. They want separate courses so that premeds

When are we going to demand more of our premedical curriculum?...

...to seek the correct answer is to lose sight of the truth; to teach a scientist to give the right answer is to teach a fool...

would not "pollute" the course, break the material down into multiple choice or essay, and divide the inherent integrity of the natural world into what is on an exam and what is not. A professor once explained in his opening lecture to his biology class that all his lectures would be tangential to the textbook material. They would serve, he said, to "stir the intellectual pot," and would not appear on exams.

On delivering a stirring and inspired lecture on the "faith in cause and effect in biological study" and on "emergent properties at each level in the study of nature," he saw many hands in the air. He seemed pleased at the response and asked what were the questions we had. The first five questions were about whether any of that material would be on the exam.

I cringe to think that I was one of them.

Excessive interstudent competition also destroys intellectual honesty. In the history of science, serendipity often pointed the way to a significant discovery because the investigator had an open mind, and sought the truth, though it differed dramatically from the correct answer of the day.

Premeds, however, are deprived students. Desperate for high grades, they teach themselves to see only the correct answer—the one that gets the grade. But history may later prove we "missed the boat."

Another incident in a physics class illustrates the point. One day in lab the equipment was malfunctioning and the answers being recorded were grossly incorrect. As we (the vast majority of us were premeds) began to realize our answers were wrong, most of us became anxious and asked our instructor what to do. He simply said: "Well, then hypothesize what's wrong and write the lab about that." The class became openly hostile towards the instructor not because we thought he was insensitive to our plight but because we were insecure without a "correct" answer. We were being asked to investigate a scientific problem (what we were being trained to do after all). We were plainly not up to the task and, frankly, uncomfortable in unknown territory.

A second and perhaps more telling illustration comes to mind: consider how few professors in the sciences provide an answer key to their final exams or even arrange for students to examine their final papers at a later date. Why is there no interest in the answers to the final exam? Because the "answer" is the grade you receive.

The final grade is the critical focus and most teachers and students do not really give a damn if individual knowledge is increased or improved. Such considerations of personal development are not the fundamental issue once the exam is handed in.

Why does reading week exist for a science course? The text reading is complete and the full spectrum of lectures has been delivered before reading week. Everything important to the student and future scientist has already been learned before reading week. During reading week, one learns all those bits of data that will inevitably be on the exam, supposedly to test one's grasp of the material and to provide an opportunity to display mastery and comprehension of the course content.

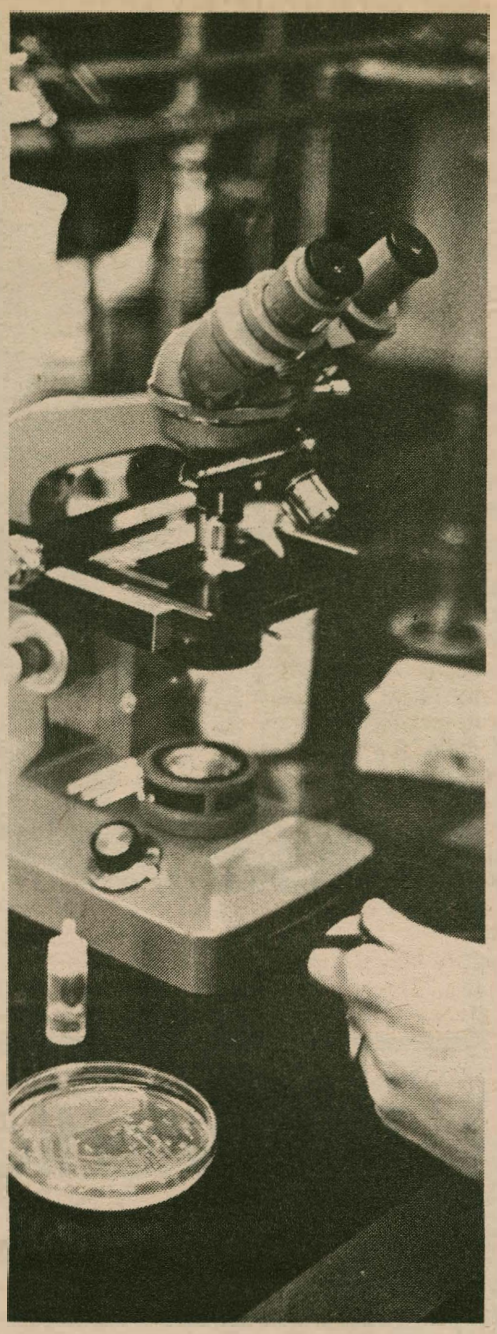
Premeds are deprived students...history may later prove that we missed the boat!

These are the same bits of information that will have sifted back out of the memory a month or two later from disuse. Reading week is essentially a college's way of admitting it expects students to learn a great deal of material not important enough to remember when it was originally presented. Does such a blitz of data acquisition produce competence, mastery and comprehension? Hardly, for understanding and mastery do not fade in a month or a year.

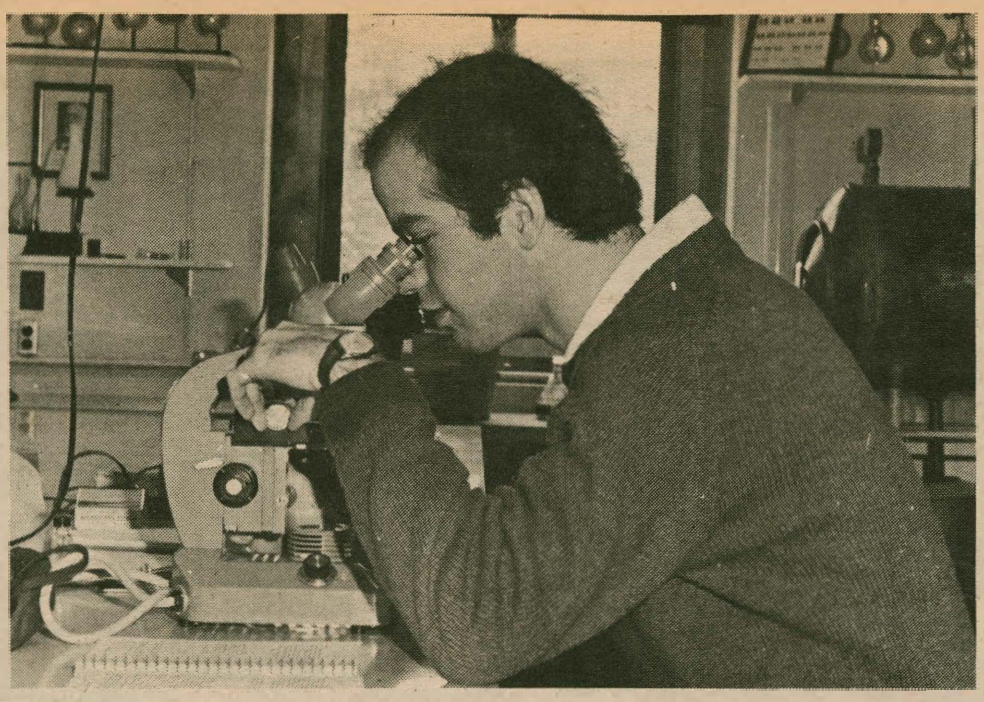
A premed is caught in the midst of a Taoist riddle: to seek the correct answer is to lose sight of the truth; to teach a scientist to give the right answer, is to teach a fool.

One could charge me with expecting premedical training to answer all the problems of the human race. Rather, I expect it to *begin addressing* them. But this will not come about if a premed program does not examine its objectives and the implicit premises used to reach those goals.

In addition, premed can be a vehicle for social and ethnic discrimination—something that no one cares to notice in the nation's medical schools. Often, minority students attending Hamilton are advised to follow the traditional premedical curriculum and assume the normal academic load of other premedical students. Little good comes from such advice as many minority candidates have a secondary education that has ill-prepared them for such studies. The grueling first and second year academic loads are enough to permanently



What I fear is that we are producing a class of brow-beaten, unimaginative health professionals...



depress minority students' academic averages and to place dreams of medical school beyond reach. Other minority members are compelled to drop out of premedical programs here after the first year assuming they simply cannot "cut it." They should question whether poor advising is at fault.

That the colleges have not provided an alternate curriculum is conjunction with an aggressive advising and tutoring program for minority and educationally disadvantaged students seeking to enter the premed jungle is a great shame for both schools and a great loss for the nation's medical institutions. My "victory" at securing a place in medical school seems to pale somewhat when one adds to it the tinge of social perspective, when one sees my place gained perhaps more by right of birth into the white middle class than by right of intellect.

It is not only the minority groups who pay the price. The so-called successful premeds have also paid their dues. The pressure for the highest grades inhibits premed students from exploring difficult disciplines outside their own area since such course selections might prove too demanding, take too much time, and not culminate in an A. The premed gradually learns to tailor his or her burden as the years go by: "take a light load during the year you've got Organic Chem." "Make sure you've got the time for the MCAT's in second semester." "Keep it light in your senior year for the interviews."

Gradually, individualistic striving ceases to have intrinsic worth and an academic program becomes the mere reflection of a premed's perpetual anxiety.

Organic chemistry may well be the course in which this anxiety peaks.

Little by little, this singularly exciting area of chemistry becomes perverted into little more than a glorified admissions procedure for medical schools; the organic chemistry professors in colleges across the country are forced to give increasing care to grading and to accomodate overbearing and obtrusive class-wide anxiety.

One of the saddest results is educators' loss of the privilege to evaluate. Mathematically computed grades are so crucial that only a few courageous instructors continue to resist the protection of averaging to make a professional value judgement about each individual student under their tutelage.

We are producing a class of brow-beaten, unimaginative health professionals who lack what one of my professors called "a good crap detector." Such a device protects intellectual freedom and insures scholarly devotion to the truth.

Somewhere along the way—blinded by the ambition to get to med school—I may have cashed in a good portion of my "crap detector" at the door. If I and my fellow premeds have surrendered our detectors, we are only guilty in part. We are only as guilty as our teachers who were so quick to insist that they be given up. If America can only find an excessively competitive, intellectually stultifying and socially discriminatory way to produce the health professionals the nation needs, then I think America is probably going to get just the kind of health professionals the country deserves—and nothing better.

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This Land Is Our Land

By Doug Chandler

In order to speak to an Indian at Ganienkeh, the white man must see him in a small unfinished wood cabin on the edge of the camp on Big Moose Road in Eagle Bay, New York. No one other than Indians are allowed inside the camp. The cabin is heated by only a wood-burning stove, and in the Adirondack winter, the white man's feet get cold very quickly. It was just outside this cabin that two vacationers were shot while driving by Ganienkeh nearly three years ago. Karoniaktajeh (which in Mohawk means Heavenly) is an old man, a writer, and an artist by his own description. On one wall of the cabin hangs a flag which he made- a painting of an Indian head centered on a red star on a bright yellow field. Karoniaktajeh has an unusual accent- perhaps a combination of Mohawk and French- and one is reminded that this man has spent most of his life living in places he could not consider his real home. But here, wearing a coonskin cap and inhaling the odor of burning wood, he seems to have found it.

According to Karoniaktajeh, the idea to found Ganienkeh began three years ago, when a confrontation in Quebec gave the Mohawk Indians renewed confidence in their strength.

White settlers had a habit of building their homes on the Quebec reservation, and in fall of 1973, the Warrior Society, a group of young Mohawks, resolved to put an end to this practice. Some Indians occupied the partially-built house of a potential "resident trespasser," and they were arrested and imprisoned. Their compatriots stormed the jail and, Karoniaktajeh said, the Quebec riot police threatened to "clear out the longhouse." But the Indians were all armed, and with the help of some sympathetic white Quebecois, the Mohawks were able to retain their land without bloodshed.

Encouraged by their success in Quebec, Mohawk Indians began to consider a "project to reclaim land, national rights, the right to be a government, their right to be a nation," said Karoniaktajeh. The resolution to take on such a project "took about three minutes to pass" in the Chief's Council, according to Karoniaktajeh. This was in November of 1973.

After scouting for suitable land in December and April, the Mohawks planned their takeover for May of 1974.

In the middle of the night of May 13, 1974, a group of Mohawks from Quebec took over an abandoned girls' camp at Moss Lake as their promised land, Ganienkeh, or "Land of the Flint." They have been living there ever since.

The territory the Mohawks occupy covers 612 acres of steep, thickly forested land north of Old Forge, land legally owned by the state. A month after their arrival, Karoniaktajeh said, the Indians were told by a local farmer that the soil was poor. "He told us it would take 50 years to get going," he said. Karoniaktajeh portrays the original settlers as "idealists" whose Utopian plans lacked a solid knowledge of agriculture. Most of the Indians led middle class lives before coming to Ganienkeh and their inexperience with rural life has always been a hindrance.

But while this rugged land cannot feed the Indians, it protects them superbly. In the event of a forced eviction, Karoniaktajeh said, "It would take an air raid to get us out."

Since he is a self-styled writer, Karoniaktajeh was asked by the Mohawks to compose a statement of their purposes. This became the Ganienkeh Manifesto, a mixture of fact and powerful rhetoric which explains the goals of Ganienkeh.

Ganienkeh shall be the home of the traditional Red Man. Here, according to the rights accorded everyone else in the world, the Red Man shall exercise his proven government and society according to his culture, customs and tradition...it is not a backward step...

The Manifesto makes clear the Mohawk desire for sovereignty as a nation at Ganienkeh, and labels as "fraud" the treaty of 1797, which gave away nearly 9 million acres of land to New York and Vermont. Joseph Brandt, who signed the treaty for the Mohawk side in 1797, is not considered by the Mohawks of today as having been a legal representative of their tribe at that time.

> ...May 13, 1974, a group of Mohawks took over an abandoned girls camp at Moss Lake...

The native North Americans not only have the rights but are duty bound to correct the wrong committed by Joseph Brandt and the New York State Agents against the Mohawk nations.

The Mohawks at Ganienkeh consider themselves a nation as valid and important as any other, and take great pride in their national identity. The Manifesto compares Indian wise men to Confucius and an Onondoga proclamation of 1450 with the charter of the United Nations.

In attempting to establish a sovereign nation at Ganienkeh, the Mohawks there have taken as one of their main goals the return to the "natural ways" of their forefathers- a "moneyless state" with a "co-op economy" in

which food and other essentials are shared. Eventually, they hope to become self-sufficient, and establish a traditional Mohawk government at Ganienkeh.

But these high ideals, not surprisingly, are often accompanied by hints of disappointment, evident in conversations with Mohawks at Ganienkeh and in their literature. And the Indians' refusal ("for security reasons") to disclose the size of the Ganienkeh population does not leave one with visions of a thriving community. Many of the inhabitants still work regularly outside of the camp in order to raise money; some even go all the way back to Canada for work.

The Ganienkeh settlement consciously takes on the role of an alternative to white society. The Manifesto criticizes the white man's "advanced technology (which) abuses nature," and "the competitive society (which) breeds frenzy, panic and confusion". Mohawk literature also makes known the role of Indian women as equal sharers in the work and benefits in an ideal Mohawk society. But whether the goals of self-sufficiency and independence will ever be reached at Ganienkeh is a question for even the inhabitants. "There will always be something we can't make, such as shoes," said Karoniaktajeh.

During winter in the Moss Lake area, any conversation is accompanied by the almost continuous drone of snowmobiles, and in the summer, campers invade. But despite the thriving tourist trade, the area has retained most of its unspoiled mountain beauty.

Most of the white residents at Moss Lake have lived there all their lives, and one gets the feeling that they have never really wanted to live anywhere else. They are comfortable and secure if not all together in touch with the outside world.

When the Indians arrived in May of 1974, "The townspeople seemed glad to see us" according to Karoniaktajeh. And indeed, according to Doug Bennet, the head of Concerned Persons of the Central Adirondacks (COPCA) and Roy Higby, of the organization's executive committee, opposition to the Indians at Ganienkah did not begin until the shooting of October 28, 1974 (see sidebar). Karoniaktajeh, however,

Mohawks Occupy State Land

On May 13, 1974, a group of Indians took over a 612 acre plot of land owned by NewYork State in the Central Adirondacks near Moss Lake, Herkimer County. The Indians, most of whom were Mohawks, arrived without warning in the middle of the night and established themselves in the buildings of an abandoned girls camp on the land. They named their camp Ganienkeh, or "Land of the Flint."

The move caught most of the residents of the Moss Lake area by surprise, but it was not until violence erupted that any real opposition towards the Indians was heard. Reports vary, but on October 28, 1974, two white persons, a 22 year old man and a 9 year old girl were shot while driving by the Indian camp in a car. Other shooting incidents in 1974 have been rumored but not confirmed. Since the Indians had established a policy of not allowing entry by anyone other than Indians into their camp (a policy which they still maintain) no arrests were made by state police but at this time, some local townspeople formed an organization to oppose the Indians, Concerned Persons of the Central Adirondacks (COPCA). This organization claims that the Indians have no right to the state lands and has pressured the State to take action on the matter.

To date, both State and Federal courts have thrown out lawsuits filed by the State and private interests concerning the Indian occupation at Moss Lake. The issue remains to be settled.

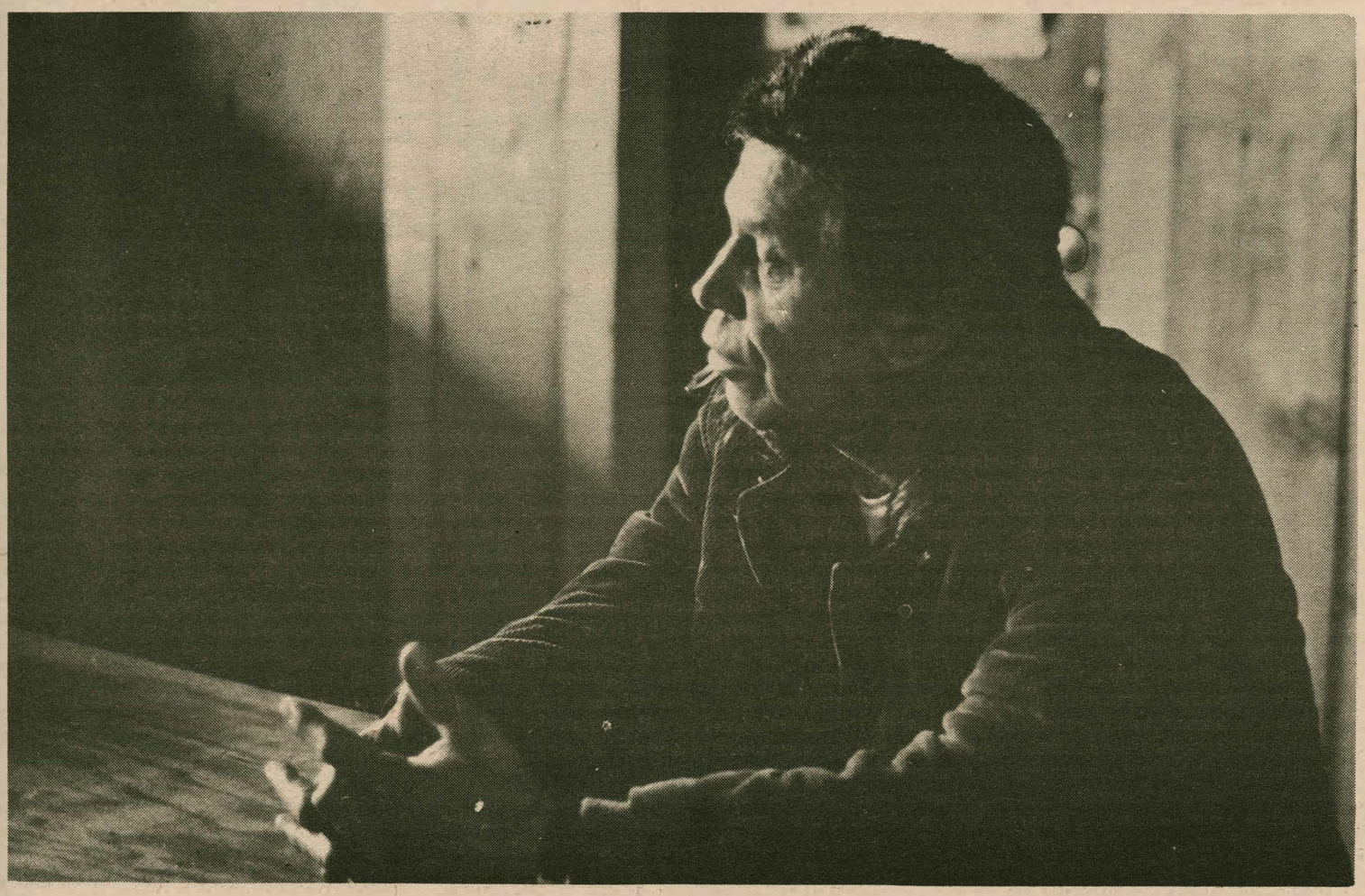
The Mohawk Indians at Moss lake base their claim to the land on two treaties which were signed in 1784 and 1794 between the Six Nations of the Iroquois Confederacy and the United States government. These treaties apparently establish the right of the Six Nations to nine million acres of land in upper New York State (the area includes the cities of Rome and Utica). The Mohawks, as part of the Six Nations, claim the nine million acres as rightfully theirs.

However, a treaty signed in 1797 gave the Mohawk land back to New York State. The Indians dispute this treaty, claiming that the signer for the Mohawks, Joseph Brandt, had no authority over the Mohawks since he was not a chief. Brandt, according to the Mohawks, left the tribe, and became a general in the British army during the Revolutionary War and sold the Mohawk land for personal gain. COPCA claims that Brandt was indeed an Indian chief, and this later treaty deeding the land back to the state negates the previous treaties.

In 1975 Governor Hugh Carey chose Ogden Reid, head of the New York State Department of the Environmental Conservation to be his representative in the State's dealings with the Mohawks at Ganienkeh. Mr. Reid has since been replaced by State Secretary Mario Cuomo, who is handling the State's legal dealings with the Indians.

The most recent lawsuit brought by the State of New York was thrown out of Federal Court, but it is expected that a new suit will be brought shortly to try to establish that the Indians have no claim to the land. The treaties of 1784 and 1794 established that the Mohawks must deal with the Federal government and not the State of New York; thus, the state courts have refused to hear the case.

The Mohawks have stated that they wish to establish a sovereign, self-sufficient nation at Ganienkeh. There are estimates of between 15 to 50 Mohawks living at Ganienkeh at this time, and although no one knows for sure, many of the Ganienkeh residents commute to Canada or elsewhere for work. There have been no recent incidences of violence.



remembers hearing the previous April that an association of landowners was being formed to oppose the Mohawk settlement.

Higby said that the immediate reaction of the townspeople to the Indian take over was one of "shock" and immediate communication was sent to the then governor of New York Malcolm Wilson. Bennet says that COPCA was formed only after the shooting of October 28, and that it was the only alternative other than violence against the Indians. "We have never supported violence," he said.

...any conversation is accompanied by the continuous drone of snowmobiles...

COPCA has since become involved in a law suit against the Mohawks which was rejected by the State Court. The State claimed that it was a federal case, and out of their jurisdiction.

COPCA has spent $9,000 in legal fees for this case, accoridng to Higby. Bennet said that COPCA is "a friend of New York State" and he believes that the Mohawks have no right to the 612 acres of state land. COPCA is not happy with the State's refusal to act on the case.

"If they would quit publicizing it, and everyone would leave the issue alone, the Ganienkeh situation will be settled," Bennet said. As the proprietor of the Big Moose Inn, near the settlement, he is seriously concerned about the Mohawk occupation. He said he does not think that the Mohawk will settle for only 612 acres, but will soon make greater demands. Bennet also doubts that the Mohawks will ever become self-sufficient at Ganienkeh, and points out that they continue to commute to Canada for jobs and money. He scoffs at their ideal of a moneyless society; according to Bennet, eventually the Indians can be bribed to leave.

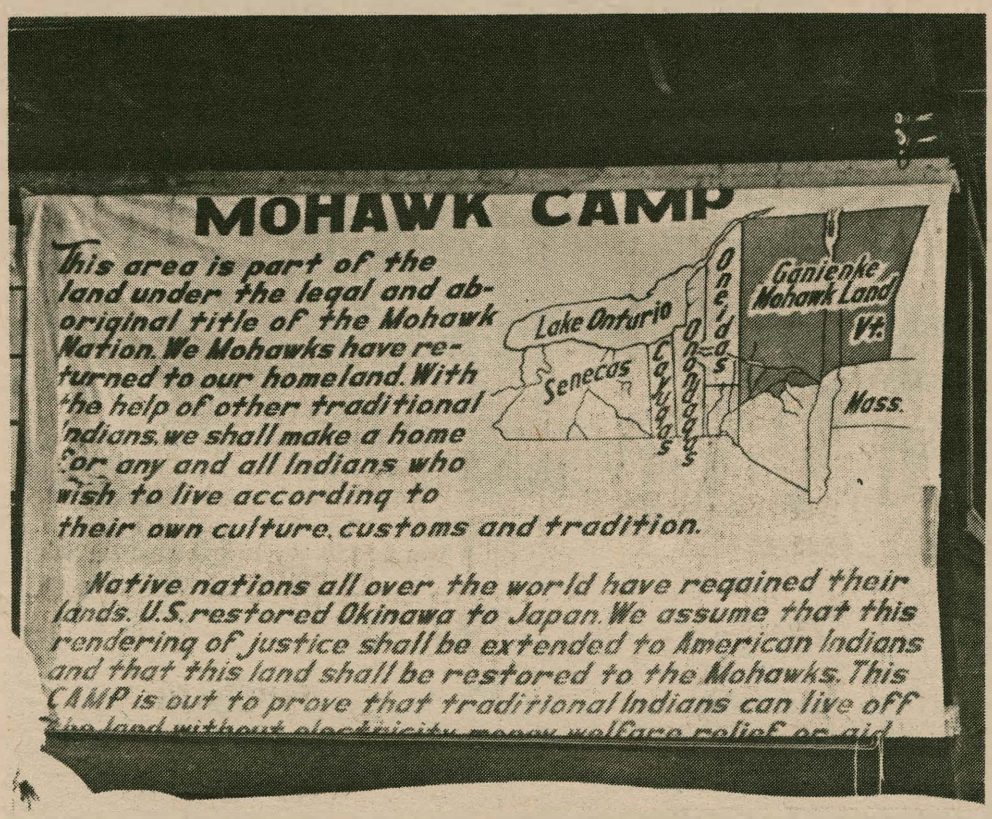
"I'll bet my life on it. When they're offered a million, they'll move out," Bennet said.

Bennet does not oppose the idea of self-sufficiency and a return to the "natural ways". He admitted that the State Legislature has "misused the Indians" and said that "they've been walked on down through history." "But they can't just walk on and begin anywhere." An Indian at Ganienkeh, Art Montaur admitted to him that Ganienkeh will never work, Bennet said.

Roy Higby owns and runs the Higby Hills Club in Big Moose, and has lived in the area all of his life. "The Indians should be moved out peacefully if possible, but he thought that "its a waste of time to negotiate any further." Higby, like Bennet, believes that the Mohawks will eventually accept money for the 612 acres, and foresees such a deal with the state. According to Higby tourism in the area was affected by the presence of the Indians only in 1974, "the Mohawks have been on good behavior," since the state police set up a station near Ganienkeh. The Big Moose people have kept their tempers also," he said.

Higby also doubts that the Mohawks will ever be able to establish a self-sufficient state at Ganienkeh. They own several cars and tractors which are not part of their "natural ways," he pointed out.

"The Indians are the biggest spongers in the United States., and they are not an energetic race of people," Higby said. "If I were in charge, I'd give the Indians two weeks to get out, or else." If they didn't leave after two weeks, he said, he would have Ganienkeh surrounded and try to "starve them out...they wouldn't last long in this weather."


MOHAWK CAMP
This area is part of the land under the legal and aboriginal title of the Mohawk Nation. We Mohawks have returned to our homeland. With the help of other traditional Indians, we shall make a home for any and all Indians who wish to live according to their own culture, customs and tradition.
Native nations all over the world have regained their lands. U.S. restored Okinawa to Japan. We assume that this rendering of justice shall be extended to American Indians and that this land shall be restored to the Mohawks. This CAMP is out to prove that traditional Indians can live off
Lake Onturio
Senecas
Oneidas
Onondagas
Ganienke Mohawk Land
Vt.
Mass.

...negotiation eviction or bribery... peaceful or forceful...

The Ganienkeh settlement lies within the 46th congressional district of New York State, which is represented by State Senator Donovan. His administrative assistant, Ed Byrne, said that Donovan has urged negotiations, not eviction. A press release,

Karoniaktajeh said there had been incidents of shooting into the Mohawk settlement.

saying the Senator favored eviction was "bungled", Byrne explained. But a poll taken by Donovan's office revealed that the majority of citizens in the 46th district favored the eviction of the Mohawks from Ganienkeh.

"The State has been hoping it will go away," said Byrne. He explained they have not attempted a forced eviction of the Mohawks because of the possibility of violence. On the other hand, legal action could force the state to evict them or pay the Indians off. Meanwhile, the Moss Lake residents continue to push for some sort of action.

There has not been a shooting incident recently at Moss Lake, but the incident of October 28, 1974, still burns in people's memories. Reports vary considerably depending on who is speaking, but it is established that Stephen Drake, 22, of Inlet, and April Madigan,9, of Geneva were shot and wounded while driving past Ganienkeh on Big Moose Road.

The events surrounding the shooting are in dispute. The Mohawks claim that Drake, the driver had been drinking at Big Moose Lodge, and later, driving past the encampment,stopped to fire into Ganienkeh. The Mohawks claim that they returned his fire by shooting at the tires of the car, but in the process, bullet fragments hit both the girl and Drake. Karoniaktajeh said that the Mohawks were "only shooting in self defense." According to a New York Times report of that same incident, a Mohawk spokesman at that time commented, "it's a shame what happened; you can't see nothing in the dark."

Doug Bennet claims that there was an "armed group of Indians shooting at cars" at random on the night of October 28. He refuted the claims that the Mohawks were firing at the tires of the car: the car was "stitched with fire," he said.

Roy Higby said that he knew of no incidents of people shooting into the Mohawk camp except one which was unconfirmed during the hunting season. He stated that Drake later admitted shouting "Indian war-hoops" as he drove past Ganienkeh on the night of October 28.

Karoniaktajeh said that there had been incidents of shooting into the Mohawk settlement before October 28, and Ganienkeh's newspaper reports 11 such incidents between July 1974 and the October incident. However, a Mohawk quoted in the New York Times on October 30, 1974 said that the first incident had occurred only a week previous to that one.

Karoniaktajeh said that on July 15, 1974, the first shots were fired into the camp by a passing car. The bullets passed between two women who were standing by the settlement gate. The Mohawk guard then gave chase; the car was chased, but the Mohawks never pressed charges because as Karoniaktajehsaid, "we can't take anyone else's laws."

Karoniaktajeh spoke of another incident in which a state police cadet allegedly fired into Ganienkeh and was kicked out of the State Police academy. "This was not known until later," Karoniaktajeh said. A Mohawk Indian was allegedly hurt in this incident.

"They have the image of a small band of down-trodden people," said Byrne of the Indians. Byrne thinks that the treatment of the Indians has been "very good" and he noted that other groups such as the Irish, the Italians and the Blacks have been mistreated at times in history as well. He also said that the media have ignored what New York State does for the Indians." and said that five million is paid annually to Indians in the form of welfare and education.

'We are all workers here. We do not accept welfare.'

However, Ganienkeh's Indians do not accept welfare and they educate their children themselves- the "free school" system, said Karoniaktajeh

"We are all workers here, we do not take welfare. It makes you lazy. It also makes you accepting. No one wants to bite the hand that feeds them," Karoniaktejeh said.

The Mohawks remain at Ganienkeh this winter, the third they've spent on the 612 acres of an abandoned girls' camp. The snow sits on the ground. Somewhere lawyers are preparing briefs to have them removed from this place, and somewhere else support groups are working to keep the Mohawks at Ganienkeh. The snowmobiles scream past the small cabin on Big Moose Road, throwing a smell of gasoline between the pines and the hills. Karoniaktajeh stops speaking for a moment, and then looks the White man in the eye. "Your future is as black as ours." he said.

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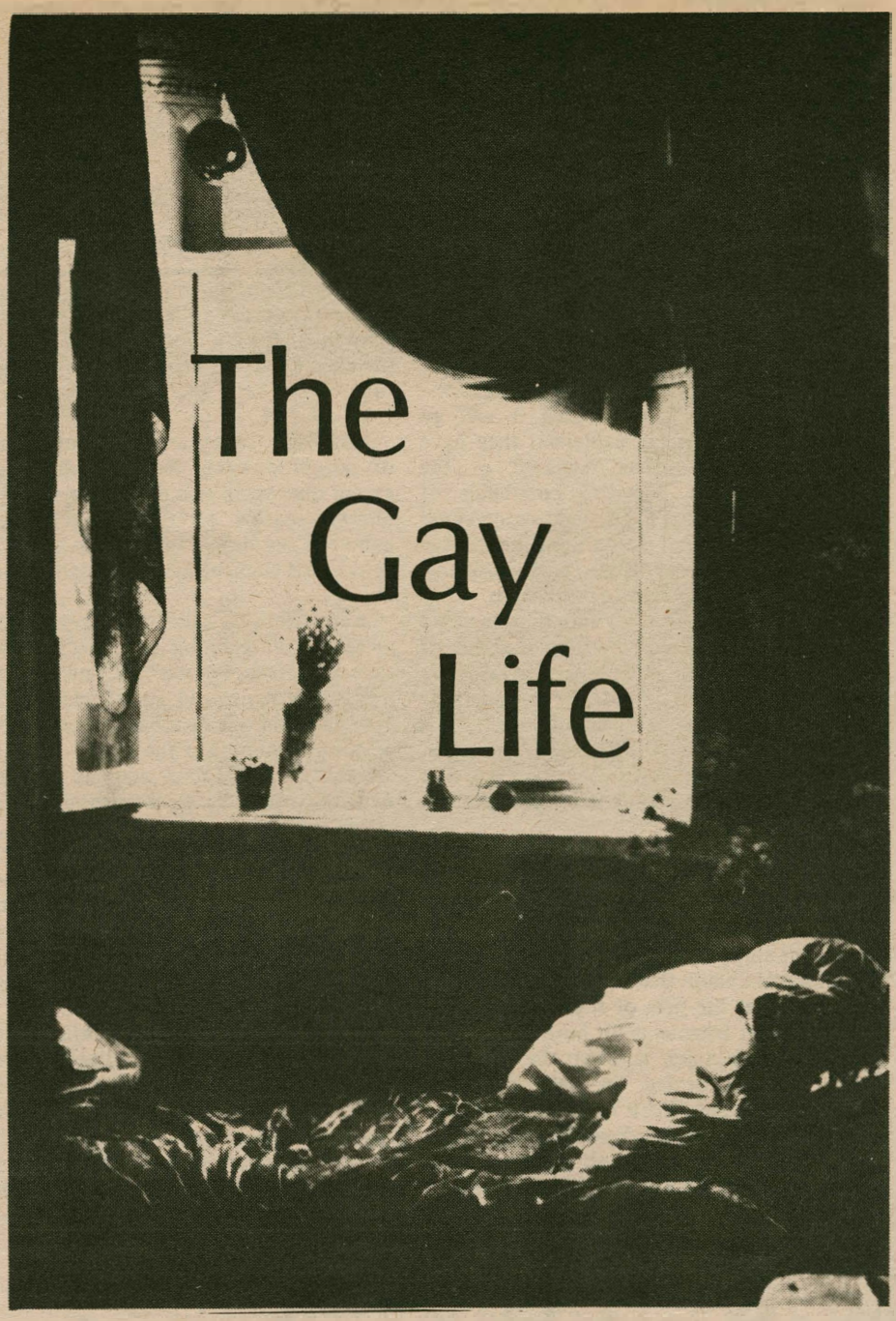


By Beth Davis

"Get those queers out of my dorm" was an all too familiar cry two years ago when homosexuality first became an open issue on the Hill. Many of us comfortably assume that this wouldn't happen now, but how much have attitudes toward homosexuality really changed in the past two years? Is homosexuality an open and acceptable lifestyle on campus? What is it like to be gay at Hamilton and Kirkland?

According to many of the gay people I talked with, the conservative atmosphere of this college community is not an ideal one for gays. Nonetheless, they feel that this environment is better than many for two reasons. First, a small community of friends has the potential to be extremely supportive. Second, many people on campus are content to let others live their own lives in whatever manner they choose. "There will always be people who would prefer that I weren't here, who would rather pretend that I don't exist, but generally, the attitude here is live and let live," said Ronna Davis, a Kirkland sophomore.

Most of the gay people interviewed said that they've encountered little, if any, discrimination because of their sexual orientation. "Members of our organization have experienced little adverse reaction from the college community," said Richard Burns, spokesman for Sappho/The Gay Alliance. Chris Santoro agreed that "although there are people who are uneasy about it, no one discriminates against me."

There seems to be a sense among the people I talked with that this lack of discrimination might be due to their anonymity. "I have not had any problems such as nasty notes in my mailbox or that sort of thing because most people are not aware that I'm gay," Davis said. "The only people who know are my close friends and they're very supportive. I don't go out of my way to make other people aware of it."

Not everyone, however, feels that they've been treated fairly. "I've been exposed to an awful lot of discrimination, some of it very blatant, very cruel, and in some cases, physical," said a Kirkland woman who wishes to remain anonymous. She added that although Kirkland women feel more threatened by her, Hamilton men tend to be more hostile toward her.

The small size of the Hamilton/Kirkland community often proves to be a disadvantage according to the gay people questioned. A larger college or city provides a sense of anonymity which does not readily exist on a small campus like this. Anonymity might make it easier for some people to "come out." "There are a number of people who don't feel comfortable with being gay here," Burns said. "There are people here who feel that they can't come out because of the repercussions they'll face," he added.

The small size of the gay community on campus seems to pose an even more severe problem for gay students. Numbers tend to provide support and several gay students feel that they would be more comfortable if the gay community on campus was larger and more open. "It was difficult for me at the beginning of the year because I had no idea if there was anyone else here like me," said Lindy Wankoff, a Kirkland freshwoman. "I started going to Sappho/The Gay Alliance meetings, not because I needed to establish an identity, but because I needed the support of a group."

"The biggest problem I've had up here is the cultural and social isolation which results from the small number of people on campus who are openly gay," Santoro said. This Hamilton senior "came out" because he was "tired of pretending and playing games" with his friends who wanted to fix him up with women. "Coming out was a big relief for it meant that I didn't have to play along any more—I could just be myself," Santoro said.

Gay students on campus often find it necessary to go elsewhere for social activities. Social life on the Hill is geared to the majority and there are very few options open to those whose lifestyle is different. Consequently, gay students from this campus often seek the social life available at larger schools in the area. Students participate in dances and other social activities, sponsored by the Syracuse University Gay Students' Association.

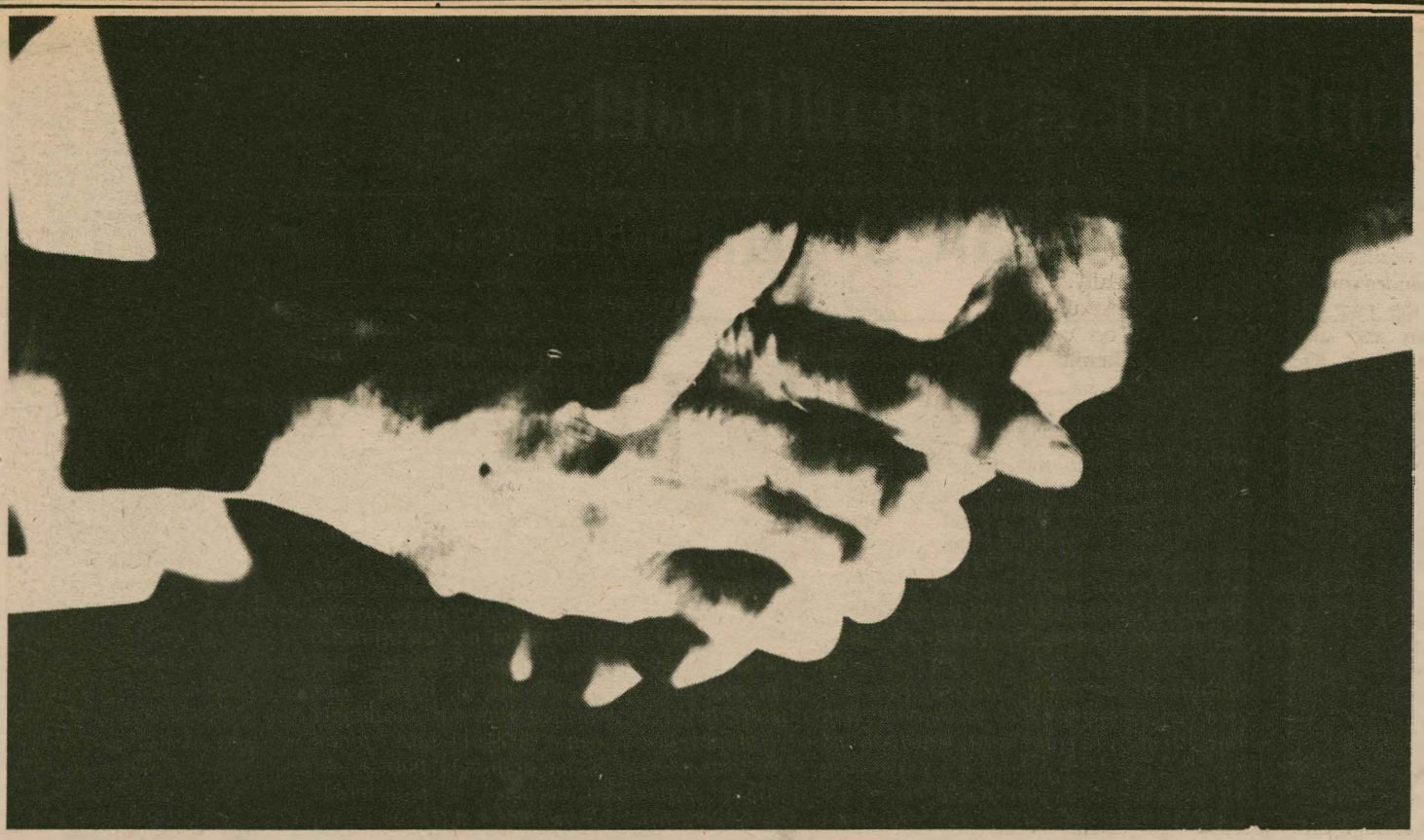
Sappho/The Gay Alliance was formed in an effort to solve some of these problems encountered by gay students. Sappho was founded in the fall of 1974 by seven women. The organization became public the following spring and had both men and women members. Both the Kirkland Assembly and the Hamilton Senate have chartered the group, thus granting it access to building space and Assembly and Senate funds.

The function of the group is to "provide peer support as well as sponsor speakers and social activities on campus," the group's charter states. According to spokesman Burns, one of the group's purposes is to "provide peer counseling, not for people who are "out" and comfortable with the idea of being gay, but for people who are going through the process of confronting their sexuality and learning to cope with it."

Another purpose of the group, according to Santoro, is to provide an example of people who are gay. Through the group we can "show everyone that we are normal and that we can easily be integrated into society," Santoro explained.

One of the most important political functions of the group is to insure that a sexual orientation clause is inserted in the Title IX statement, said an original founder of Sappho. Although there has not been a problem yet, the potential exists if there is no protection against it. "If Kirkland really wants to make the commitment to accept all different lifestyles, and the rhetoric indicates that it does, then the

'It is important for people to realize that not everyone has an emotional need which must be filled by the opposite sex.'



clause should be there," she stated.

Sappho/The Gay Alliance, which consists of students and faculty from Hamilton/Kirkland, students from Colgate, and adults from Clinton, meets on alternate Sundays in the Red Pit. Meetings generally consist of discussions on topics such as sex roles, aging and homosexuality, and learning to deal with the reactions of parents and friends.

The group also sponsors speakers and is presently in the process of looking for a speaker for the spring semester. In the past, the group has sponsored authors and activists of gay rights such as Rita Mae Brown, author of *Rubyfruit Jungle* and Sidney Abbot, author of *Sappho Was a Right-On Woman.*

As a result of the group's efforts, Burke and Emerson Libraries now have subscriptions to Christopher Street, a new magazine oriented to gay issues. Emerson also subscribes to Gay Community News, a weekly newspaper.

Sappho/The Gay Alliance joined the National Gay Task Force, a national lobby for gay rights. The campus group also sent representatives to the Gay Academic Union Conference held at Columbia over Thanksgiving. The purpose of the conference which consisted of lectures and workshops, was to oppose discrimination of gay people at schools and universities. It was also concerned with the way homosexuality is portrayed in the media and in books.

On October 24, Sappho/The Gay Alliance participated in the Gay Rights rally and march in Utica. The event was organized by the Gay Liberation of Utica to commemorate the anniversary of the death of David Grey, a gay rights activist who had been murdered the year before. The turnout was fairly large and it included representatives from gay organizations all over New York State. I have been told that although all the Utica newspapers ignored the event, it was covered by The Village Voice. Incidentally, the building which housed the organization's headquarters as well as a gay bar, was burned a week before the march took place.

Many of the gay people interviewed are disillusioned with the lack of awaremess which exists on campus. "I'm disappointed about the lack of consciousness in terms of homosexuality and feminism, especially among the freshwomen," Wankoff said. "I don't mean that people should necessarily be more political," she added. "I just wish that people's minds were more feminist oriented.

There is also a considerable concern that the college community is becoming more conservative and secretive about issues such as homosexuality. One Kirkland woman feels that people are not as active as they once were and there are now fewer people who are willing to talk openly about being gay. "It is irrelevant that the campus knows who I'm sleeping with, but it is important for people to realize that not everyone has an emotional and psychological need which must be filled by the opposite sex," she stated.

Although most people questioned agree that the only way to maintain openness is to keep talking, some are hesitant to become more active. True, there are self-assured people like Kathryn Laws who stated that "I haven't had any difficulties, not because the campus is particularly receptive, but because I feel good about myself."

More typical, however, seem to be people who wonder just how open the campus really is. Santoro said that he would like to see more social events sponsored by Sappho/The Gay Alliance but he doesn't think that many of his friends would go to them. "Some of my friends can accept me but they can't support the organization," Santoro said. "People are also afraid that if they participate, they will be labeled as being gay," he added.

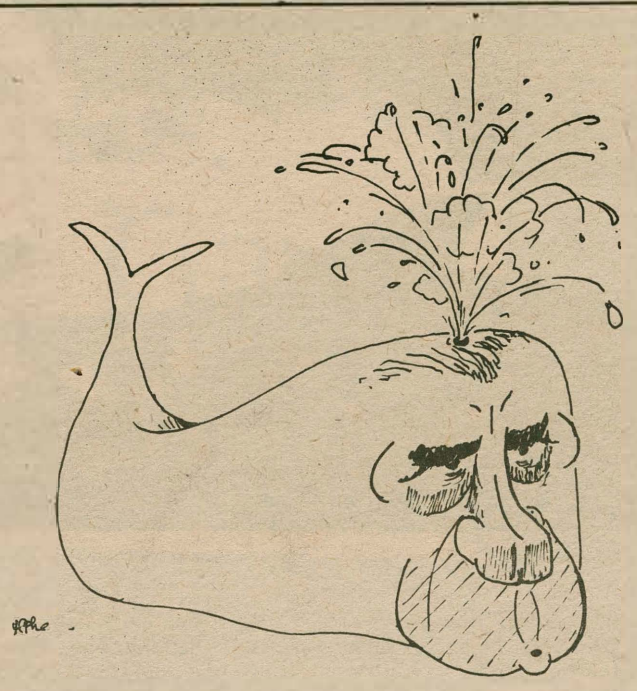
People like Ronna Davis wonder if publicity will ultimately be good or bad for the group. "If we make noise, I wonder if people will start resenting us," she said. There are also people who are reluctant to have their names appear in print. "I don't feel that I would be discriminated against, but I do feel that I would be stigmitized if my name appeared in the article. When people saw me, they would think gay first, and then accept me for who I am."

What is it like to be gay at Hamilton and Kirkland?

American Tune

Whales and Watergate

By Bill Harley



If you don't think there's a connection between whales and Watergate, hold on.

It was Christmas vacation and yours truly, the all-knowing college student was at the dinner table. The candles were low and everyone was eating roast beef except for the college student, who, being cool, was eating soybean glop. Seated around the table were members of my family and a couple my parents had invited for dinner. The conversation drifted and dragged, and somehow we ended up talking about endangered species, and whales in particular.

The male half of the visiting couple wondered aloud what would really be lost if the whales were all killed off. How would that affect him, a happy commuter? After all, what's a few tons of blubber blowing water in the Arctic anyway?

I gave the guest a cold stare andclearedmy throat, preparing the the attack. The poor guy, he should have known better.

"Well, you know, there are several ways to look at it," I said. My father winced and my mom deadpanned. They've been through this thing before. Of course, they wouldn't expect me to let such an opportunity pass, but they wished I would.

"Maybe it doesn't make any difference if they're all dead, and maybe it does. The only reason you can even ask the question you did is that you don't have anything to measure the possible losses by. If you could measure the loss, you wouldn't have to ask the question."

I don't think this guy expected a rebuttal. He became flustered and, like everybody else at the table, wasn't sure what I was talking about.

"Do you have a big tree in your yard?" I asked him. My mom, who was seated next to me, put her hand on my arm. "Bill," she cautioned.

"Cool it mom," I said, and leaned over the table towards the guest. "Do you have a big tree in your front yard?"

"Why yes I do."

"What if somebody chopped it down? Would you be upset?"

"Yes, I suppose."

"Why would you be upset?"

"Well, I suppose I'm rather attached to the tree. I've watched it grow, you know." I figured I had hit a soft spot in this man's heart.

"Well, now, realistically, that tree doesn't serve much purpose, does it?" I continued. "I mean, maybe it provides some shade and appeals to you aesthetically, but could you measure just how much it meant to you?"

"No, I guess, but it still is important. Besides, you're playing on my emotions. I love that tree. I don't care about whales."

"My point is this. There are some things whose worth you can't measure. They are the ones that are losing out. If you can measure something, you can compare it with something else and see if it's worth keeping. If we can't measure something, we're more likely to say it's worthless than another thing which does have measurable worth. The only reason you'll keep that tree is that somehow you know it's worth a lot to you, even though you can't measure it. But if somebody could measure it, say, for instance, 'I'll give you a thousand dollars if I can cut that tree down,' you might think that you could put a price on that tree. It might be 'worth it' to lose the tree. The money is worth more than some crazy tree you can only look at. With the whales, all you can see is that somebody is gaining something measurable, or quantifiable, from their death. I say we would lose part of ourselves and our relationship with this earth if we killed them. You may think that's stupid, but I think the only reason you think that is because we can't measure how closely we are in touch with ourselves and the earth."

Well, I confused everybody else at the dinner table, and even myself a little bit, and managed to squelch the conversation for the rest of the night. Afterwards, I thought about it for a while and some things began to fit into place. It seems to me, regardless of the guest's like for trees and dislike for whales, that we really do tend to ignore the value of something if it doesn't have a quantifiable worth. We can find a measurable worth for anything. If it breathes or doesn't breathe, we'll sell it. Put it up there on the trading block if you want to find out how much it's really worth.

This whole idea of quantifying worth reaches all the way into measuring the values of our actions and lives. We measure success. Most notably, we measure it by the green stuff and how many cars we have and the number of kids we put through school (Of course, we're not successes yet, kids, but in the meantime we can talk about grades, grad school acceptances, and the number of watts our amp puts out.).

I have this feeling that what we should be thinking about is something you can't measure; something you can somehow only just *know*. Of course, that something is not as tangible as a success you can measure, and therein may lie its unpopularity. What we should be examining is the good life. I don't pretend to have developed the idea; Socrates and Plato were chasing after it a long time ago. The good life isn't something you achieve by following rules and guidelines and measuring success; it's more a path you follow, trying to integrate parts of yourself so that things make sense. Don Juan (the brujo, that is) comes at it from a different angle and calls for finding a "path with heart." If somehow you can divine that path and get on it, a lot of these rules, regulations, and measurements just don't make that much sense anymore. I think.

Just what all those rules can do to you is sad. Rules are kind of the outer edge of acceptable, or true, coherent behavior. Maybe they could act as guides to what you're really after. Following the rules is not what is commendable; searching for what's underneath them is. So what happens to us is that we get so lost trying to adhere to the rules and justifying our behavior according to them, we lose sight of something else. Nixon (there you are!) twisted the rules. He wasn't concerned with what the laws meant, with what the purpose of curbing presidential power was. He was interested in stretching the rules as far as they would go to justify his own actions. In one sense, we're all like Nixon. We may not be concerned with what the rules point to, but we sure know how to use them.

If you live a good life, and while following your own path you happen to tear down some fences somebody else set up because they thought you didn't know what the hell you were doing, that's all right. You probably didn't need the fence. Break a few rules. We could all use it.

Understand?

The good life isn't something you achieve by following rules and guidelines and measuring success; it's more a path you follow...Don Juan calls it a 'path with heart.'

An Amerikanka's View of the USSR

By Elizabeth Barrow

Although I've been back in the United States over five months, it has been only recently that I have been able to look back upon my year in Moscow with any degree of objectivity and reality. My feelings about last year have changed from intense homesickness for Moscow, the Russian language, and my friends, to anger at the Russian political system that causes such perversions of human character and ideas of freedom, to sadness at the realization that that system is likely to be around for some time longer. Right now, my feeling is a mixture of all these reactions, and many others not so easily expressed.

My first months back in the United States were a difficult period of readjustment, although I have only just begun to see how difficult it was. Experiences had caused me to become quite introverted. I had the feeling that anyone who had not actually lived in Moscow could not understand what a year in Moscow was like. The hardest thing for everyone, including me, to understand, was my reluctance to even try to talk about things that had happened there. Eventually, I recognized that friends' attempts at understanding could be just as helpful to me as practical knowledge of the situation in the Soviet Union.

I should explain that I worled for an American diplomat and his wife as their nanny during the year I spent in Moscow. My Russian history professor, Michael Haltzel, had a friend who had served in Moscow for two years as a member of the Foreign Service. Haltzel told him of my interest in the Soviet Union, and he suggested that I try to get a job as a nanny there. Most foreign families in Moscow employ nannies to babysit and do light housework. Soviet maids and babysitters must be hired through a state agency, and in addition to the drawback of cost, many people suspect that these women make reports on the families' activities to state surveillance agencies. Therefore, foreign families are often reluctant to hire Soviets and instead bring non-Soviet women to live with them. Nannies are given room and board, part of their round trip air fare to Moscow, and a modest monthly salary for their services.

Haltzel's friend gave my name to two families who would be serving in Moscow, and they in turn got in touch with me. One of the families happened to be driving through my home town of Indianapolis, so we met for an early morning breakfast, decided we were compatible, and agreed upon the terms of my employment. They set the wheels in motion in Washington, D.C., my visa and State Department sponsorship, and two months later I flew to Moscow.

The stereotype of a Russian winter is one of intense cold and huge snow falls. There were substantial amounts of both, including one week of -35° F temperatures, but after two years in Clinton I was used to cold weather. I was well-prepared for the cold and slush with my Army surplus arctic parka and rubber boots, and down ski mittens. I really stood out as a foreigner. Most Soviet women wear cloth coats with fur collars, fur hats, scarves, gloves, and knee boots.

Apart from the self-important bureaucrats and sales clerks, people are very friendly, warm, and accepting. Although their kindness may have been due in part to my being an American, I feel that it was a true revelation of the Russian character, worlds apart from the shoe-pounding, stiff-nosed image of a Russian presented by Kruschev in the early sixties.

Most of my friends were members of the intelligentsia. They knew about events in the West via such radio stations as Voice of America or British Broadcasting Company; some of them had relatives who were allowed to travel outside the Soviet Union; most had had communication with people from non-Communist bloc countries before meeting me. Their knowledge and my lack of it (despite my exposure to less biased news sources) sometimes embarrassed me!

'Is it true that in America everyone owns a car?'

I encountered people who read only Soviet newspapers and listen only to Soviet news broadcasts on buses, cabs, or in other public places. When they learned I was American, they were never hostile, and usually asked me which country was better, or whether it was true that in America everyone owned a car.

My friends and I would sit for hours,

Elizabeth Barrow attended Kirkland College from 1973-1975. She is now a student at Katharine Gibbs Secretarial School in Boston.

drinking Georgian tea, nibbling sugar or anything sweet, and listening to music, usually American or British rock. Sometimes we talked politics, but we were always aware that in certain apartments this was definitely unsafe. Most often, however, we talked about more personal parts of our lives, like the music we enjoy or the places we had visited. It was such a peaceful, pleasant way to spend time. Sometimes my American friends and I wished we could invite Soviet friends to our apartments in the foreign ghettos; but although we occasionally succumbed to this temptation, we recognized that it was an unnecessary risk for our Soviet friends to take. Our apartments were certainly bugged, but more importantly, we were concerned that the Soviet militia men stationed at the entrance to our buildings would identify and later harrass these unauthorized Soviets seen entering or leaving a foreigner's building.

Foreigners' apartments are large in comparison to those of the Soviets. For example, there were five people in my family: the couple for whom I worked, their two small children, and me. We lived in an apartment the size of two Soviet apartments put together by knocking out a couple of walls. We had three bedrooms, a living room, dining room, kitchen, and two baths. In comparison, a Soviet family of four whom I knew, parents and two grown-up sons, occupied two rooms in a three-room communal apartment. According to an article on the Soviet housing shortage by Peter Osnos, one quarter of all Soviet citizens live in communal apartments. Only 60 per cent of Soviet apartments have hot water. Our apartment had hot water for all but about two weeks out of the year, when it was turned off, ostensibly so that the pipes could be cleaned out.

Although we lived in a brand new building, designed and designated for habitation by foreigners, the building already looked ten years old. Linoleum tiles were coming unglued, paint was chipping, and the cockroaches invaded our kitchen and sklod (storage room) in geometrically increasing numbers. We were lucky to live on the second floor since walking up the stairs was not too much of a chore when the elevator was out of order. We sympathized with the American businessmen and their families who had to climb 16 flights of stairs regularly.

Foreigners are also given preferential treatment in the acquisition of food and clothing. In addition to the commissary at the American Embassy, that only Embassy employees, graduate students, and their families may use, foreigners can purchase D coupons with foreign currency. These D Checks are

Onion domes of a church at Zagorsk Monastery.

used in special grocery stores which have the best selection of food in the city, not to mention the unusual benefit of all goods being located in one store. We could also use these coupons and hard currency to buy good imported clothing that was usually not available in Soviet stores.

There is a thriving black market based on the purchase of these coupons from foreigners and their sale to wealthy Soviets. Soviets who are well-placed in the Communist Party, or are able to use influence to obtain these coupons also shop in these special stores. We would see them in the coupon stores with their carts loaded with American cigarettes, good vodka, and other liquors, chocolate, and fresh fruit in the winter.

Although I had studied Russian for a year at Hamilton, I could hardly speak it when I arrived in Moscow. Asking for directions on the metro was an event frought with anxiety and many "Ya ne ponimayu's"—"I don't understand." But eventually I began to learn my way around Moscow on the very good public transportation system and got out to see things. My "family" was always very kind and included me whenever they went anywhere, but I grew restless and wanted to meet Russians. I became friendly with some other American nannies who had Russian friends, and met people through them. Many of these Russians spoke English, and they, of course, wanted to speak English whenever they were with Americans. As a result, although my comprehension did increase during this period, I rarely had a chance to speak Russian. I was embarrassed to try to speak Russian when American friends who spoke it were around, so they ended up translating for me. Eventually, however, I met some Russians who did not speak English, and at that point, bagan to learn practical, conversational Russian. That continues to be the level of my Russian. I can understand most conversation and make myself understood with simplified language, but as far as the fluency I expected to return home with, well, that was a great misconception.

While in the Soviet Union, I was able to travel a lot. I had been there for a month the previous year with the group from Hamilton, so I had been to many of the places that tourists usually visit. Although I repeated trips to some of these cities, I did get to some fairly out of the way sections of the country. My mother came over to visit me for three weeks in the spring, and together with another nanny we went to Central Asia for a week. My friend and I made all the arrangements from the American Embassy. We planned the itinerary with the help of some Soviets who worked at the Embassy, then submitted it to the Foreign Ministry for approval. We were refused permission to travel by train in Central Asia, but after changing our mode of transportation to air flight, we were given the neccessary travel documents. We made hotel reservations through the Miscellaneous Service bureau at the Embassy, and as always it irked us that we had to pay the special jacked-up rates for foreigners. For the three of us to stay in one room cost approximately $30 compared to the $5 required of a Soviet citizen. But we knew that it is difficult for a Soviet citizen to be given a hotel room without either some kind of special document, or a bribe.

It is a common practice for foreigners to be met at each airport and escorted to the plane and their seats before any Soviets can board. While we were in Central Asia, we had the added luxury of being met as we stepped off the plane. Our "guide" would then take us to our hotel. We took the prescribed official tours in each city, but other than that, were left to ourselves to wander around and explore on our own.

In July, three other Americans and I took the trans-Siberian railroad for three and a half days to Irkutsk, Siberia. It was a wonderful experience and had been one of the trips I definitely wanted to make before I left the Soviet Union. We traveled second class, the four of us in one compartment. We had heard that as the train travels further east, the food becomes more scarce, so we brought a lot of food with us. By the third day there was little to buy on the train and even less at the small train stations. One night we ate on the dining car for the experience of it. We had our choice of two main dishes. The food wasn't bad, although the wine would have tasted better on ice cream.

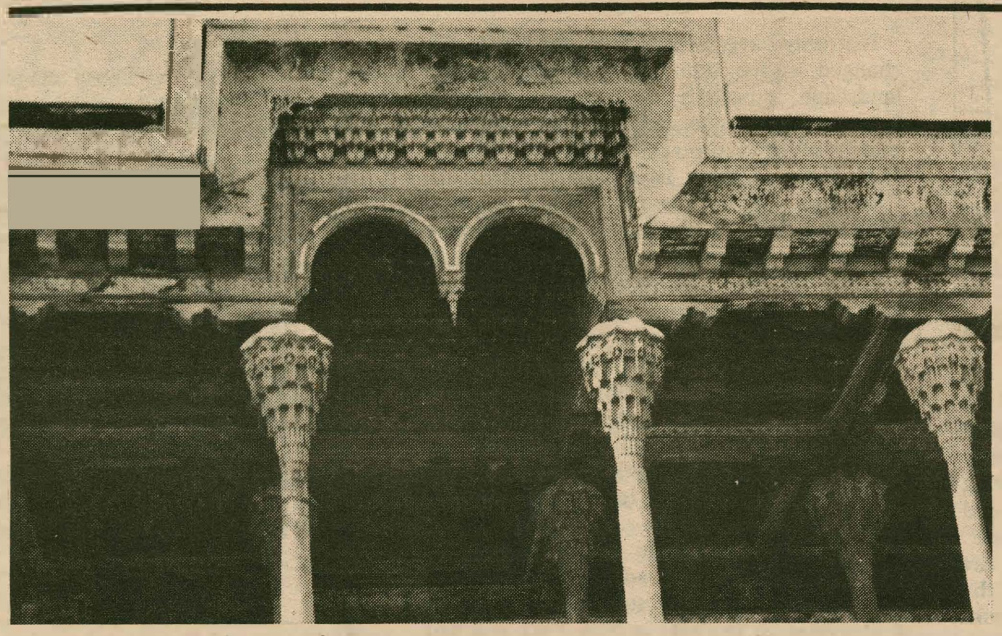
We narrowly escaped having our film taken out of our cameras and exposed when one of our "neighbors" who, coincidentally, spoke

Foreigners' apartment building in Moscow.

...the linoleum tiles were coming unglued, and the cockroaches invaded our kitchen...

Donskoi Monastery in Moscow.

...I learned much about personal relations, what lack of space can do to these relations, what lack of breathing room in general does to a country...



Temple in Samarkhan, Uzbekistan.

English, told an official that we had been taking pictures out of the train windows, strictly "Nelzay" (not permitted). The official spoke no English, so we tried to argue with her in Russian, and soon realized that it was a mistake to do so. No one's Russian was very good and we were aware that foreigners can get into bad situations through language misunderstandings. We switched back to English and "I don't understand's," and our official finally gave up and left us with a warning. We considered ourselves lucky.

We left the train in Irkutsk and stayed in a beautiful new hotel on the shore of Lake Baikal, the deepest lake in the world. The food was very good, and guide was quite friendly. One night we awoke to the chomps of some hungry cows chewing the recently planted trees! Our laughter must have disturbed the night watchman and eventually he shooed them home.

After a long day of sightseeing in Irkutsk, we climbed back on the trans-Siberian. This time we had luxurious first class compartments on our way to Ulon-Ude, the capital of the Buryat republic and very near the Mongolian border.

Apparently people were not used to seeing Americans in Ulon-Ude, because it required a couple of hours of arguing before we could split up and explore the city for a few hours before our plane left for Moscow. One woman from our group visited a Buddhist monastery a few miles outside the city which the Soviets said had been destroyed by fire. There had indeed been a fire, but it had only damaged one of the four buildings. In the remaining buildings, this woman saw hundreds of paper mache Buddha heads drying.

The three of us walked around the city, saw an absolutely huge head of Lenin and a new art museum—our guide was very proud of both. She worried that we would miss the plane, and so we arrived at the airport almost two hours before the scheduled takeoff. But the plane was delayed and we ended up waiting five hours. The people at the airport were very nice to us and we waited in the uncrowded special visitors' waiting room. They brought us a meal mid-way through the wait. By the time we were finally taken to our plane, we had made friends with our guide and given her copies of *America,* a magazine about the United States in Russian. She in turn, told us "I love you" and we parted friends.

There are countless other things I would like to be able to describe. I have only just scratched the surface of a very full year.

It is important for me to emphasize that what I have just described were my impressions and experiences in Moscow. Other Americans had different experiences. The American young people were friendly with Soviets with differing political orientations, dissidents, Komsomol members (Komsomol is the Communist Party Youth Organization), artists, or other students. Some Americans didn't have any Soviet friends and associated instead, with the other members of the foreign community. I was lucky to work for a family that placed no restrictions on my friendships, and I was able to have friends from different segments of the Moscow population (Some nannies' employers restricted their communication with Soviets.). Different people draw different conclusions about their time spent in Moscow. On the whole, I would say that last year was an extremely educational one for me. I not only learned about a completely different culture and a new language, I learned much about personal relations, what lack of space can do to these relations, and what lack of breathing room in general does to a country.

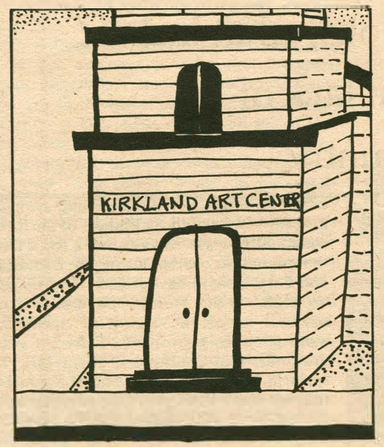
I had expected to be hit with a strong desire to return to college and a motivation to study during my year in the Soviet Union. But this did not happen, and when I realized that it wasn't going to, I decided to make plans for the following September before I came home.

I am currently a student at Katharine Gibbs in Boston and taking a Russian course at the Harvard Extension school. In June, when my Kirkland friends receive their diplomas, I will receive a certificate stating that I am qualified to work as a secretary. I have no regrets that I decided not to return to Kirkland. It was the right decision for me. But I thank Kirkland very warmly and sincerely for encouraging me to take time off from formal learning and to learn on my own. These two years have been extremely important to my growth as a person, a student, and an American citizen.

...in Siberia we awoke to the chomps of some hungry cows chewing the recently planted trees...

The Past Isn't Dead, It Isn't Even Past

Text by Susanne Bierds, Art by Carol Travis



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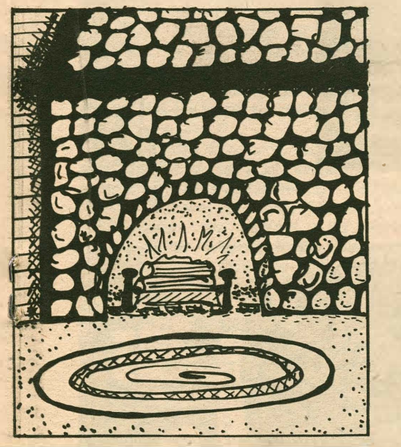

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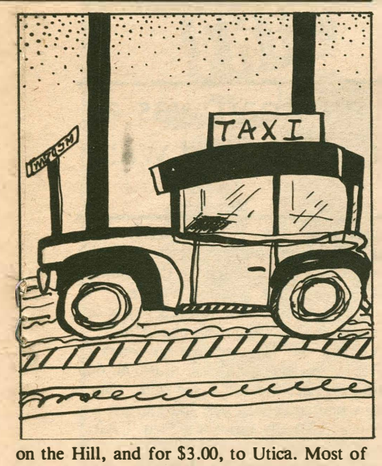

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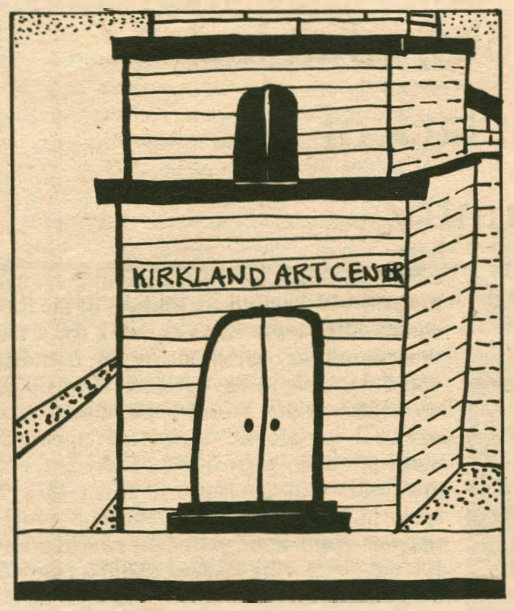

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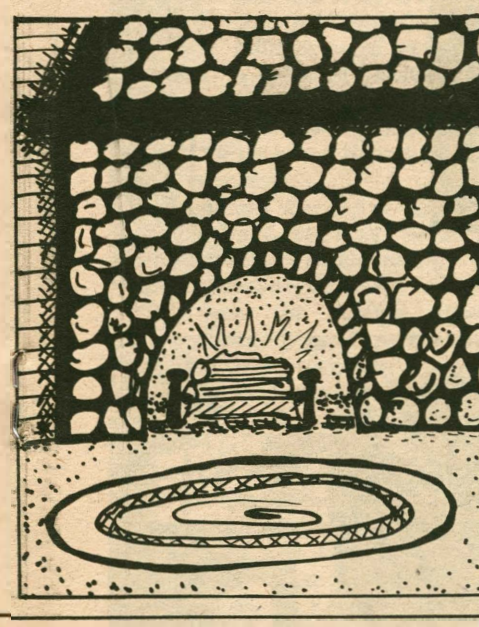

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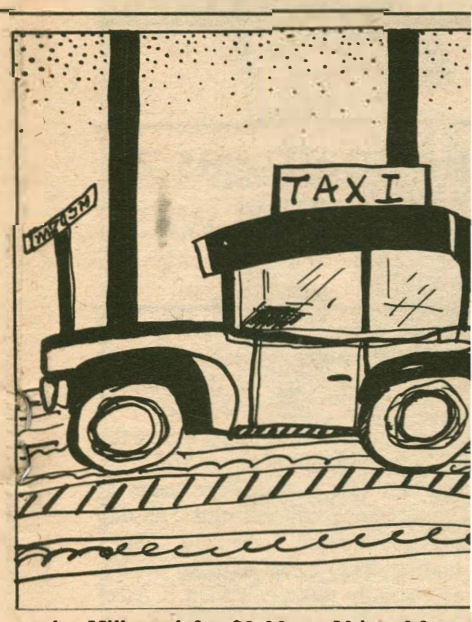

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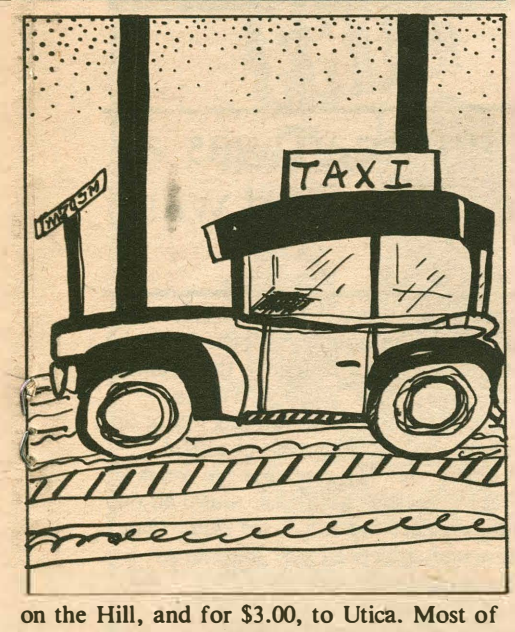

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The Accomplished Miss Saunders

By Caroline Smith

"I've had one foot in the horse and buggy era, and one in the space era, and it's kind of fun."

Silvia Saunders, Clinton resident historian and a well-known and honored personality at Hamilton, has spent most of her 75 years in Clinton. I went to visit Silvia Saunders to find out what it was like in Clinton in the horse and buggy era, what changes she has observed in the town and in the college community, and to find out why she has been called "a legend on College Hill."

I trudged through the snow to the Williams farmhouse on Griffin Road where the Saunders family has lived since 1900—a large, rambling house, circa 1810, according to a plaque on the wall. I was greeted by excited barks from Silvia's fuzzy, gray poodle, which rushed out to meet me trailing a string, when Silvia opened the door. I pulled off my galoshes and followed Silvia into the front parlor, a warm comfortable room with "a fireplace that works" because "fires are nice to have at teatime," said Silvia, and I got the feeling that four o'clock tea would be perfectly appropriate in Silvia's home. This front parlor, in which we were sitting, once served as the schoolroom for the three Saunders children, Silvia said.

The Saunders settled in Clinton at the turn of the century when Silvia's father, Arthur Percy Saunders, took a position at Hamilton as a professor of chemistry. Arthur Percy Saunders was "a noted hybridizer of peonies" (he has published several works about breeding peonies), said Silvia, and he was also "a very good chamber music player." Both her parents, Silvia said, were real "culture hounds." "They were eager to latch on to literary lights."

"My parents were interested in fostering the intellectual life of the college. They wanted a bigger house for parties and college musicales," Silvia said. To accommodate the Saunders, Dr. Stryker, then president of Hamilton, had the farm house remodeled, adding on an extra wing with a large music room for the Saunders' guests. Because the college was so small and isolated, her parents were "anxious to have people come to lecture and play music," she said. Literary personages such as Thornton Wilder and James Agee were guests at the Saunders. Silvia said her mother was a diligent reader of modern poetry, and she expressed an interest in the works of "undiscipherable young men." Had her mother been alive today, Silvia said, she would be sure to have Professors David Lehman and George Bahlke come to the house to talk poetry.

"Looking back on it, we must have been quite lonesome as children" Silvia said. "We had no local contemporaries." The Saunders children did not attend the Clinton schools because "my parents thought that the local schools would not get us into Bryn Mawr, which was my mother's alma mater," Silvia said. Instead, Silvia's parents taught the three Saunders children and the Rogers children (of the Rogers Glen family) at the Saunders home. "It was a segregated, faculty school," she said.

"This was a very remote hamlet—we had to invent our own fun; we had to supply our own amusements, and we had fun with nature. My father was somewhat of a naturalist. We caught and mounted butterflies," said Silvia. "We also skated on an old pond about where the tennis courts are now. These were the naturalistic pursuits of children," she said.

Sledding down College Hill Road was a popular sport at the time. The road was untrafficked...

Sledding down College Hill Road was a popular sport at that time. The road was untrafficked—"there was only one horse-drawn sledge every hour—and we could go down as far as the creek without danger," said Silvia. She confirmed the story of the Hamilton student who was killed by sliding down the Hill on a dinner tray, and added that there was probably more than one tragedy. The stone arbor built to commemorate him was just "one more hazard" she said.

When Silvia was about to leave Clinton to go to Bryn Mawr College in Pennsylvania, she was offered a scholarship for a year in France—at a lycee in Versailles. "I jumped at it like a trout to a fly," she said. "I had been feeling very stagnant—a feeling that was probably boredom, although I didn't know it. If I had to select one year out of my life, it would be that one. Oh—was that a year!" she exclaimed, touching my arm and smiling warmly. After the year in Paris, "I went dutifully to Bryn Mawr as planned," Silvia said. She found that Bryn Mawr's program was lacking in music; furthermore, after growing up in the country she decided she didn't want to go to a college in the country. She also disliked the "drippy weather." "I love this climate," she said, looking out at the falling snow. "It's cold, but it's beautiful."

Silvia spent her last two college years at Radcliffe. There, she could "eat music all day long and never see the end," she said. "But I was not a real student. I just liked to get by. Radcliffe was virtually unknown then." After college Silvia spent 3 years in New York as a commercial photographer. While in New York, Silvia was also involved with choruses and concerts, but by 1947, she had "had enough of New York," and there were few job possibilities for the kind of photography she did. She spent several years in Santa Fe, but returned to Clinton in 1951 to help her parents—who were both over 80—with their peony nursery. She said she would stay for a year, but ended up running the nursery for 25 years.

"Now," she said smiling, "at 75, I'm

perfectly happy to be isolated, although I wasn't when I was younger. It was isolated in those days—and it still is isolated for modern days."

When asked about changes that have occured in herself from the horse and buggy era to the space era, Silvia said that the revolutionary mood in this country during the last 20 years has had an effect on everyone. "Some of that has even rubbed off on me, much to my surprise," she admitted.

"I was quite a long time in accepting Kirkland, in spite of having been to two women's colleges," Silvia said. "I'm not very modern—not a radical, not a real woman's libber." Of Hamilton she said, "It's establishment, but so am I."

Silvia admits that she is "coming to accept Kirkland," and that it is "beginning to have some good effects on Hamilton." "It's bound to shake us out of our shoes," she said.

"To have the colleges start out like this—separate—is great. As the two academic bodies get closer, they may find that they can get together under one head, but I don't know enough about it. I don't suppose Kirkland would have emerged with its strong philosophies in that situation," Silvia said.

"It was absolutely wild here at Kirkland the first year," Silvia recalled. "You may start a thing with no rules, but you find that you have to lay down some regulations in order to function. You can't have so many millions of individuals all pursuing their own wishes." Silvia said that she believes that Kirkland reflects "changes in women's lives, and their attitudes towards their lives." Before, once you'd gotten into Hamilton, you didn't have any options. Now you have much more than you used to, Silvia said, noting the changes that have occurred at Hamilton as a result of Kirkland's existence.

In the old days, college was a way for a man to fit himself to go out and earn a living -for a woman, a liberal arts college was a way to enrich her life, Silvia said. "Now the situation is different—you all envision jobs," she said.

"It's a lot more interesting to be a girl going to college today than it was in my day."

After we had talked for nearly two hours, Silvia took me on a tour of her house, pointing out the original fireplace in the parlor, the old latch on the front door, and the long airy music room where the famous literary figures once gathered, and which was still hung with Christmas decorations—branches and birds—from this year's Carol Sing—an annual Christmas festivity which Silvia hosts. There was a small circle of chairs before the fireplace, and I could almost see a small chamber orchestra tuning up there. Silvia pointed out the porch with the arches that Dr. Stryker added in 1903 (her mother thought them hideous) and where the goldfinches were pecking thistle seeds from a feeder Silvia had hung.

Before I left, I expressed my concern to Silvia of not being able to do justice to her house in my description. "Describe it," she said, "as a big, rambling house in a certain amount of disrepair, with the piping visible, big wings added on in despair, with furniture of mixed kinds, or no kinds, with real paintings, and fireplaces which work. Isaac Williams knew well how to create a comfortable cube of space to live in."

'It was absolutely wild here at Kirkland the first year.'

For several years, Silvia has been doing research on Isaac Williams, who was "literally unknown on the Hill," she said. He owned all the farmland on Griffin Road, and in addition to building his own home, he built the Hamilton Alumni House, and the Root Art Center, which was originally a tavern. "I got interested in finding about about him, and would like to write a book about him," Silvia said. "But there is too much information—enough for a very thick book. I want awfully to do it—to accomplish something."

But I think Silvia is being all too modest about her accomplishments.

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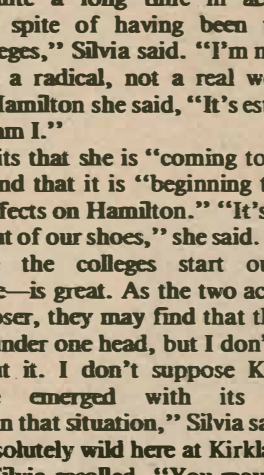

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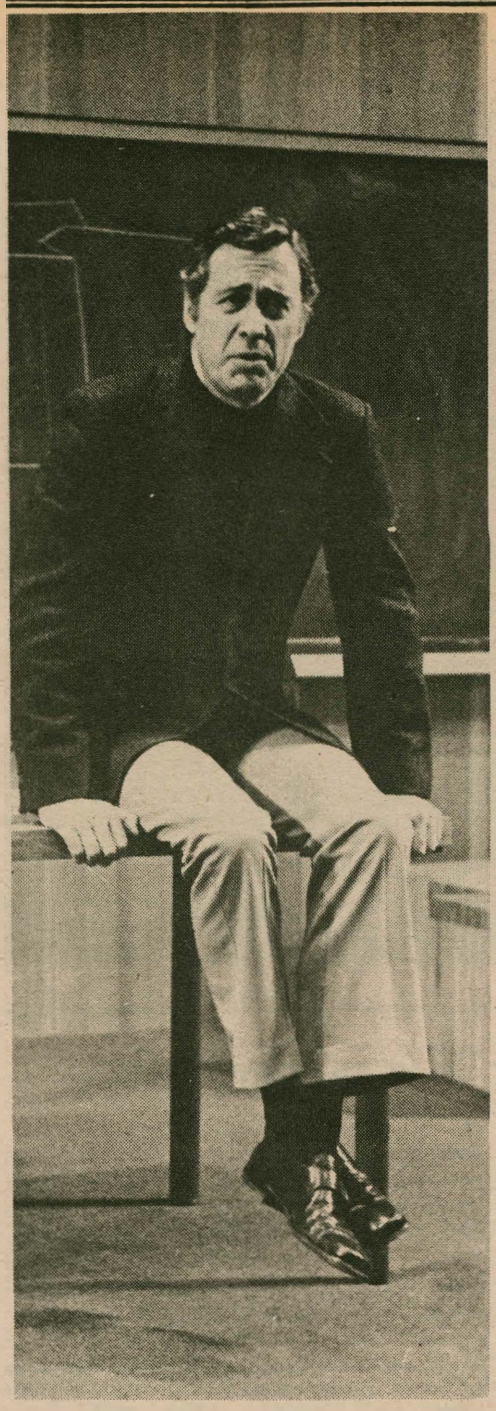


Who Has The Power At Kirkland, Really?

By Susan Malkin

Dec. 6, 1976: The Kirkland Assembly rejects Dean of Academic Affairs Catherine Frazer's proposal to phase out the education program at Kirkland.

Jan. 12, 1977: President Babbitt announces that Kirkland's education program is to be eliminated by 1979.

This decision closed a controversial year-long review of Kirkland's education program. For many, it meant more than merely the loss of an academic program. The president's decision and the procedure behind it raised questions about the nature and allocation of decision-making power at Kirkland.

Babbitt's decision came as a surprise to no one. "Everyone expected it was what Sam would do," said Ann Baker, chairman of the Assembly. "But it's very demoralizing. There will be people who think the Assembly has had no effect at all."

Babbitt stressed in his January 12 memorandum to the community that the proposal to phase out education went through a multitude of forums: the Priorities Committee, SCACA, the Faculty Committee on Academic Affairs, the Faculty Meeting, and finally the Assembly. "The Dean and I were determined to see that every legitimate forum was used," he said. The Assembly was the only body to reject the proposal.

However, the decision to eliminate the program "was a foregone conclusion," said Marvin Kowalewski, assistant professor of education. "We (Eve Hendricks, assistant professor of education, and Kowalewski) were called in to the dean's office in September and told the program was going to go."

Hendricks said that as early as last year she had been "appraised that it was a strong possibility that the program was to be eliminated."

"The decision was clearly formulated prior to the committee meetings," said Kowalewski.

Catherine Frazer, Kirkland's dean of academic affairs, was not available for comment.

Babbitt's January 12 memorandum to the community neglects to mention the extensive study conducted last spring by the Social Science Curricular Review Committee which had strongly favored retaining the program with certain modifications. Furthermore, although SCACA did pass the proposal to eliminate education by a 7-1 vote, none of the students on SCACA were well-informed about the proposal, according to Kowalewski, who is also a SCACA member. "Those students didn't even know what questions to ask," he said.

Baker said that SCACA members were only provided with Frazer's proposal, which presented the reasons for eliminating the program, and never received the favorable documents from the Social Science Review Committee.

The faculty also passed the motion, but by a small margin, 18-15. Neither of the education professors voted and Kowalewski said he did not even attend the meeting at which it was discussed. "The decision was made in effect by fiat," said Assistant Professor of Government Jeffrey Ross.

"My essential objection is not to what was done, but to how it was done. It is my position that it should be difficult to eliminate a program, and if you do eliminate it, it should be done on clear criteria—which was not done in this case. As a result, the outcome appears to be rather capricious," Ross said.

"The essential issue is not one of education versus not education, but of who has the power," he said.

"The Assembly's decision was in part a test of what will happen if for once the Assembly doesn't go along with what Sam wants," Baker said.

Babbitt's memorandum said that there were only four feasible options for Kirkland's education program: (1) to continue the program as is; (2) to move towards special education; (3) to combine elementary and secondary education; and (4) to phase out the program.

Babbitt said that the Assembly vote was only "an advisory vote."

"Of course the president and trustees have the right to veto the Assembly's decision. These are only realistic limitations," said Baker.

Babbitt rejected the first option because of the "diminishing need for generally trained teachers, and the relative expense of the program." He rejected the second and third options, because that would involve hiring more faculty members in education. Since Kirkland faculty is limited to 50, adding faculty in education would mean taking away faculty positions in other divisions. Babbitt said in his memorandum that he did not consider "the case" of education "strong enough" to justify that kind of shift.

There is "no doubt that Kirkland could have retained its elementary education program," Baker said, and Kowalewski agreed. Both Baker and Kowalewski said that although it was not feasable to combine elementary and secondary education into one program at Kirkland, there was no reason why Kirkland's program had to go—especially since the program has just been revised and re-registered with the state. "I don't think the efforts were exhausted. Once Hamilton made its decision, it was going to go. We follow Hamilton very strongly," said Kowalewski.

"I had problems with the basis of eliminating the program," Hendricks said. "They were not clear *a priori.*"

The major source of trouble, according to Hendricks, was Kirkland's failure to make clear whether curricular decisions are to made by the faculty and students or by the administration.

The elimination of the education program will leave open two faculty positions to be allocated to another discipline. "Readjustment is always a trade-off," Babbitt wrote in his memorandum. Kirkland, he said, is in a

phase of its development "characterized by some adjustment based on internal priorities and, perhaps, by rearrangements as a result of new perceptions of the best allocation of instructional areas between the two colleges."

But Babbitt would not be explicit about these "new perceptions," and the priorities question was discussed at length at the Dec. 6 Assembly meeting. Peter Rabinowitz, assistant professor of literature, asked where the extra faculty positions would be distributed, should the education department be eliminated. In order to make an informed choice between education and something else, Rabinowitz said at the meeting, the Assembly would have to know what that "something else" would be.

Babbitt declined to comment, according to Baker.

"If I knew there was something terribly important that Kirkland needed, I might go home and lick my wounds, but I'd agree," Hendricks said.

According to Hendricks, at the Faculty Meeting which voted to support Dean Frazer's proposal to phase out the program, the dean had discussed the possible reallocation of the two faculty positions. "Of course everyone—they're so overworked anyway—thought his department would get an extra person," Ann Baker said. "It was like everyone grabbing for a cracker," Hendricks said.

Kowalewski considered Babbitt's action unfair especially considering all the energy both he and Hendricks put into preparing Kirkland's education program for registration with the state last year. "When I came two years ago, they told us to make the program big, to make the competency based program great. That was the president and that was only a year ago."

He also said he was not consulted about the phasing out of the program, although Hendricks said she did work with Frazer on the phasing out of the program.

Babbitt said he "sweated blood" in making the decision to eliminate the program. Baker said she believed Babbitt "took the Assembly seriously—it was a hard decision, and I'm sure he had second thoughts."

"I'm sure the community's faith in the Assembly will suffer... but this doesn't mean that the Assembly isn't an effective body," Baker said. "In order to go on, you have to have faith that Sam listens," she said.

Community Indifference

To the Editor:

I would like to take this opportunity to report to the Kirkland community the Assembly action concerning the recommendation to eliminate the Elementary Education Certification Program at Kirkland.

The motion originated with a recommendation from Catherine Frazer, Dean of Academic Affairs, to terminate certification in elementary education. It was presented to the assembly by the Standing Committee on Academic and Curricular Affairs (SCACA), with a time-table which would allow all students currently enrolled at Kirkland to finish the program. The motion was presented with SCACA's approval. During thefollowing two hours of discussion a number of issues were raised which I feel the community as a whole should consider seriously.

Apparently there was little disagreement as to the fact that teaching elementary education is a philosophically sound activity. Some opponents of the motion, however, felt that Kirkland, as an innovative college with a supposedly unique and positive approach to education, had an absolute responsibility to educate teachers.

Other representatives were distressed that this action would set a precedent allowing personnel decisions to be made in a roundabout way. Instead of dealing with the issue of dismissing tenured faculty, or faculty who had signed the tenure moratorium, whole departments could be eliminated.

Because a variety of reasons for the recommendation had been given, representatives complained that it was impossible to know if it was based on the economic feasibility of the program, the inappropriateness of elementary education at a liberal arts college, or negative student evaluation of the program and/or personnel. time over the past three months as a part of the argument in favor of terminating the program.

The issue stressed at the Assembly meeting in favor of the recommendation was that these resources, basically two faculty positions, could be more effectively used in other areas.

I am distressed that the community has not responded more vocally to this question. The Assembly was given a chance to have direct input into a curricular decision which will in part determine Kirkland's future direction. The Assembly, rather unexpectedly, voted 15-10 in opposition to the recommendation. This was not the "rubber-stamp" action that has come to be expected of the Assembly. On the contrary, the decision was considered carefully, numerous sources questioned, various opinions expressed.

The final decision will be made by President Babbitt. I feel strongly that he will consider the sentiments of the Assembly as a whole, as expressed by the vote, and of the individuals within the meeting who expressed their concerns. I have faith that Assembly decisions will always receive serious consideration by the final decision makers, President Babbitt and the Trustees of the college. Unfortunately I do not feel equally sure that Assembly issues receive consideration by the community that it is intended to represent. It is startling to find that so few students perceive themselves as having a real commitment to the development of Kirkland. We have a young college, still growing even if not at the rapid rate of the late sixties, and we have an incredible potential, through the Assembly and its committees, to determine where Kirkland goes. It is disappointing to see that potential wasted, and it may prove disastrous to the kind of Kirkland that I, for one, came to Clinton in search of.

Ann L. Baker '77
Assembly Chairwoman

Hamilton's Tale

W. Lawrence Gulick, dean of the college,has announced the termination of the education program at Hamilton, effective 1978.

Those in the class of 1978 will be able to receive certification as planned. Students in the class of 1979 will have to accelerate their program to take advantage of 1978 course offerings. Students in the class of 1980 will either have to accelerate or work through the education department at a neighboring institution.

Although Hamilton's certification expires in 1978, the college anticipates that the Bureau of Education will validate certification for those in the class of 1979. However, no final decision regarding this matter has been made by the Bureau.

Students who are planning to continue with their educaiton certification must see Professor of Education Franklin Hunt by February 16.

Hamilton on the Brink

By Steve Ehringer

Hamilton is an institution founded on tradition, and one of its more enduring traditions is the loyalty and generosity of its graduates. Recent graduates mail in their checks at Christmas time. The more prosperous alumni and trustees donate their money and their names to Hamilton's buildings. The only alumnus dedicated, crazy, or egocentric enough to offer to assume complete responsibility for a financially failing Hamilton College was one Gerrit Smith—provided he were granted complete control of the college's operations.

Smith was an honor student, the valedictorian of the class of 1818. Two years later, he was elected to the Board of Trustees at Hamilton—the only man ever to receive this honor. And in 1829, when it was seriously feared that Hamilton might permanently be closed due to financial difficulties, Smith proposed a plan that would have made the author of "Priorities for Hamilton" proud.

The origin of the crisis, perhaps the worst one in Hamilton's history, occurred after the death of Hamilton's first president, Azel Backus, in 1816. The Board of Trustees took ten months to find a replacement, and when Reverend Henry Davis assumed office on Oct. 31, 1817, the school's real troubles began.

Davis, a hard-nosed New Englander (former president of Middlebury College in Vermont), believed in firm discipline. He was unpopular with students, faculty, and trustees alike. Morale on the Hill began to drop. Meanwhile, Hamilton's fiscal status worsened. The school had received few grants from alumni and the public, and fewer payments of student fees than had been anticipated.

Davis dismissed some faculty members; others resigned. Some students left the Hill in protest of Davis' administration. The Board of Trustees requested—and then demanded—Davis' resignation. He refused to do so unless the Board paid him $4,400. Only $2,500 was raised, so Davis remained.

At this time, Gerrit Smith conceived his plan. In a letter to the Reverend Dr. Yates (a Board member), dated March 23, 1829, Smith presented his analysis of the essential problems facing the college:

> That defect consists in the government (of the college) being so very general and distant and inconstant. A College at the present time that is highly prosperous may succeed in spite of this defect; and the principal reason why all our Colleges may not succeed as well now...is the rapid multiplication within a few years of similar Institutions in our country. The competition amongst these schools has, of course, been sharpening...inducing a closer, more attentive and particular government of them.

Smith advocated a new government so "attentive and particular" that it be run exclusively by one man. And after hemming and hawing, respectfully, Smith proposed a candidate for the job—himself: "...And should they (the trustees) ...fail...to find a suitable man for it (the position)...you are at liberty to say that I will gratefully accept of it on the following terms." Smith's terms were undeniably radical:

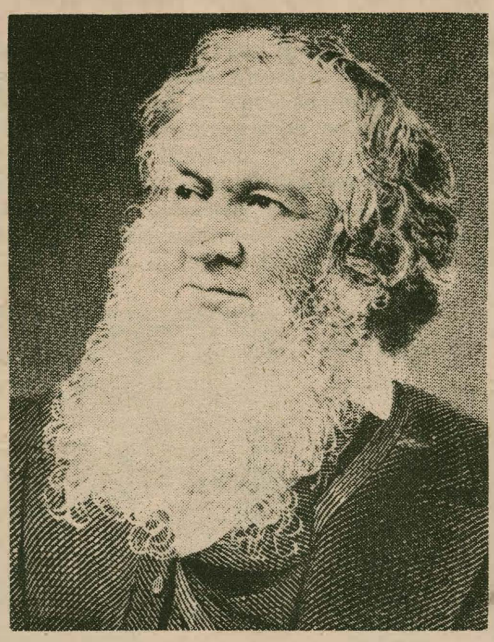
> Term of the trust to be 6 years.
>
> I am to have the use of all the College grounds, buildings and their contents.
>
> The Board to repair and improve...the said grounds and buildings...
>
> I am to defray the whole expense of providing teachers—and this item of expense is not to fall below 25 to $30,000 in the six years—will perhaps exceed this estimate.
>
> I am to receive all charges for tuition and diplomas; and also any rents that may be derivable from any portion of the premises.
>
> ...when the Trustees shall request me to relinquish this trust, or when I may choose to relinquish it, I am to pay to the Treasurer of the Board whatever surplus of income over expenditure may be remaining in my hands at the time. Should there be a deficiency instead of a surplus, that deficiency to be my loss. There is to be no interest account between the Treasurer and myself...
>
> I could not be induced to receive this Trust without having an entirely new faculty, and therefore, if President Davis should persist in holding his place, the negotiation between the Board and myself is at an end.

Plainly, Smith wanted to run the school as a private fiefdom.

Smith's plan was considered for two months. The proposal shook the Board from its lethargy following the long battle with Davis. But at a poorly attended meeting of the Board on May 12, 1829, the majority of the 10 members present (four were absent) favored President Davis' position. Smith's proposal was rejected.

Davis had fought the Board and won. The college, reduced to a total of nine students —with none in the senior class—began to grow again in size and strength.

Smith continued to support Hamilton, but his loyalty waned. Octavius Frothingham, in his book, *Gerrit Smith,* writes:



> Mr. Smith's interest in Hamilton College continued hearty (sic) throughout his life; so hearty that he could not bear to have it seem unfaithful to the highest concerns of education, and during the presidency of Dr. Dwight—1833-1835—his discontent reached the point indicated by the following entry in his Journal. "Aug. 12, 1834. I went to Clinton to attend the meeting of the trustees of the college. Returned next day, not having remained to attend Commencement. Probably this is the last meeting of the trustees of the college which I shall attend.

In addition, Ralph Harlow, in his book, *Gerrit Smith,* said that Smith later condemned the Hamilton faculty "because of its alleged indifference toward Abolitionism,"—a movement Smith strongly supported.

In 1874, ten months before he died at the age of 77, Smith's anger abated:

> Some forty years ago, I made donations to Hamilton College. I feel that it is now time for me to extend further help to her. Please drop (as quietly as may be) the inclosed ten thousand dollars into her treasury for her general uses.

Hamilton was grateful, and, in the May, 1874, edition of the *Hamilton Literary Monthly,* "she" said so:

> Such a gift is most wisely made. While it enshrines the name of the giver in the loving and grateful remembrance of more than a thousand living Alumni of Hamilton College, it is another guaranty (sic) that its career in the future is to realize the grand conception of its sainted founder...Happy is the college that has such great-hearted children. As arrows in the hand of a mighty man, so are the Gerrit Smiths of a college.

Smith advocated a new government so attentive and particular that it be run exclusively by one man.

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View From a Doubledecker Bus

By Jack Hornor

London. Dignified, polite London. We've been here but a week-- the twenty of us, on London's theater group--- but London's character is already apparent. New Yorkers-- forgive me-- the Big Apple is my comparison, and, as usual, it has gotten the short end of the stick.

The first thing one notices is the public transportation. Here the buses and the Underground are run by London Transport, an efficient and well mannered company which, with lower fares and far greater staff than the subway and buses in New York, last year made a small profit of about 100,000 pounds or 175,000 dollars.

Visitors almost always use the Underground, and for good reason-- it is both fun and very easy to use. The trains and stations are quite clean and bear almost no graffiti (although taking a bus in from Heathrow Airport we saw "Motorhead"-- whatever that means-- sprayed on one or two buildings.). The fare system is one of tickets, not tokens, and fares differ in price depending on destination. In the Central area, or "Inner Zone," one mile costs about 17 cents, two about 34 cents, and three about 42 cents. The average fare is a quarter. (There are a hundred pence to a pound now- no more shillings- and in English money the fares come to 10, 20, 25, and 15 pence.) For example, the closest tube station to our hotel is Russel Square, right next to the British Museum, and to get to Picadilly Circus, five stops down the line, is indeed only 15p.

During World War II, during the Nazi Blitzes, the Underground stations were converted into shelters as part of the British Civil Defense organization. They really are *deep*down, too. Covent Garden, for instance, is 113 feet below the surface, 11 stories down- and there is another station just over 18 stories deep.

There are few stairs in the Underground system. Tunnels are reached either by lift or escalator, giving one the curious feeling of being in a department store. The longest slope of an escalator is at Leicester Square, which runs for 161 feet, and travels at a maximum speed of 145 feet per minute. So that those who find that speed too slow and wish to run it in order to make time may, riders are asked always to Please Stand on the Right. Advertising lines the walls.

The cars themselves have cushions and wooden floors, and are certainly as crowded as most subways in New York. While perhaps one of the most welcome things about the Underground is its safety (one has not nearly the distaste and apprehension one does riding the subway in New York), the British, as we saw them do in the War, are living with danger.But, yet they seem to be able to weather dangerous times with a certain stedfastness, even a certain humor. For example, there are signs in every Underground car which say:

If you see an unattended bag or package in this car:

1.DON'T touch it.

2.DON'T pull the red emergency handle between stations.

3.PULL the emergency handle once the train has stopped at the next station.

4.TELL the Guard or any London Transport staff immediately.

5.TELL the other passengers to leave the car.

At the bottom of one poster in the Russel Square Station, a humorist has written *6. RUN! like hell!*. Bombs are the reason for the notices, and anyone aware of the bombings in Ireland will wonder why there haven't been more bombings in London than there actually have been.

According to the Public Information Officer down at London Transport Headquarters, the notices and posters in every station are mostly useful in keeping the public alert. But who could blame the man for being evasive and using the famous English understatement? What with the troubled economy here, and the death last year, among many others, of the British Ambassador to Ireland, Sir Christopher Ewert- Biggs, hidden veins of violence could erupt at any moment.

One last thing which one might say about the Underground concerns its staff. The fare system requires a knowledge of the costs of every possible trip on the line, in order that when tickets are handed in at the exit (for how else could it be done?) no one may escape without paying the full amount. This, and the politeness of the staff, alone would place the Underground hands above New York's subway, where the only thing the staff must know is what fifty cents is.

> ... they seem to be able to weather dangerous times with a certain steadfastness ...

In sightseeing which all of us must do sooner or later, the tops of the double-decker buses are best, and even less expensive than the Underground. But for real convenience and comfort, nothing can beat a London taxi. Whether it's true that they are washed and vacuumed every day, I don't know- but they

look it. Each driver has passed, in order to get his license, a comprehensive exam which a New York cabbie would swear-off Bud at the sight of, and I haven't yet had a driver who didn't know the destination. On top of that, the driver never expresses his opinions to you, and to a native New Yorker, that alone makes the drive worthwhile.

It is hard to figure out the feelings of a native English man about a foreigner, especially those with a darker skin. The collapse of the Empire and the gradual decline of the country in this century has certainly left its scars, and these, at the very least, are rubbed a little raw at the recent influx of Indians, Pakistanis, and other people from the Near East who formerly were under the influence or control of the Empire. It is only

The collapse of the empire and the gradual decline of the country in this century has left its scars...

natural that these men and women should have come to England, for it has long symbolized power and prosperity to them, as America did to so many other foreigners.

I have heard no open prejudice about foreigners, but a friend staying with a family here says his hosts, usually calm and rational, go more than a little over the edge when talking about these new immigrants, taking away valuable jobs from the English and introducing new and undesirable ideas and ways of living. And anyone who has read the newspapers over the last few years will remember the immigration quotas that were demanded a few years ago to stop the influx.

Fortunately though, at least one minor form of internationalism has flourished on a large scale here, and that, of course, is the food. In comparison with other matters it is perhaps insignificant, but since one must eat, one might at least take advantage of restaurants. much less expensive than those in the States, and in many cases more interesting. With breakfast privided for at the hotel(a curious choice between orange juice and cornflakes, followed by, usually, one fired egg, bacon and toast) we only have to venture out for lunch and dinner.

One of the most amusing places is the Arizona Kebab and Steak House, so named because the owner made his first fortune in Arizona. On the walls and menu fly the American and Arizonan flags, and paintings of the Old West (including one of a tombstone which says: Tombstone, Ariz.-- Billy Clanton hanged here) line the restaurant. This place sits right off of Picadilly Circus, just down from opposite street corners where King Kong and a German pornography show are playing. Up the street lies a decent and quite cheap Italian restaurant named after the crazy mouse act which used to play on the Ed Sullivan show all the time. Both restaurants have a better wine list than any but the best restaurants in New York, and they are only two among hundreds.

That last is a good thing. It's almost impossible to get a regular American drink here (alas, the American bar at the Ritz is closed for good), and beer is served not much below room temperature. If you can accomodate yourself to this, you'll feel much more British-- otherwise you'll be glad of a good bottle of wine.

In our neighborhood there are, within a block of each other and in two cases door to soor, three Indian restaurants, luckily open quite late (the closing hour for bars and pubs is 11) and specializing in Tandoori cooking. This is delicious, and available for Take Away service, too. A half chicken for about two dollars, plus a couple of Indian breads at 40 cents each, makes a good meal in one's room; there are two wine stores on the same nearby street, stocking about the same selection you would find in the average American store, although not quite as good as that at Weaver's.

One of the luckiest things for our group is the hotel. For only six dollars, the Avalon Private Hotel (46 Cartright Gardens, London, W.C. 1 -in case you want to write) provides bed and breakfast. Peter Taylor is our host, as Professor Barrett rightly puts it, and a happy one he must be. Our group takes up about half the space in the hotel, and since the day of our arrival that most envied sign-- Sorry, Hotel Full-- has been posted on the inside of the front door. Almost all the hotel is composed of regular rooms, but there is a small T.V. lounge, where members of another college group sit often and watch the BBC. They only go to two plays a week, unfortunately for them, where as we see one every night except two during the month.

As I write this, we've just been to Convent Garden to see the opera, an Italian comedy titled *L'elesir d'amore*(The Elixer of Love). We've also seen *The Playboy of The Western World*(which caused Irish riots when it was first performed), by J.M. Synge , *Tamburlaine the Great,* by Christopher Marlowe and starring Albert Finney (who we'll also see as Hamlet), and *Blithe Spirit,* by Noel Coward. Aspiring English majors and playwrights will be saddened to hear that Marlowe wrote *Tamburlaine*, which runs 4¼ hours abridged when he was 22-- and how many of us can hope to match him.

These three plays are all being performed at the National Theatre, a cultural institution the like of which the United States simply lacks completely. While we have great theatres (the Kennedy in Washington, for instance, even though its greatness is borderline), we have none which are, essentially, subsidized by the government and recognized as national institutions. The British government (here,

Drama in this country is recognized as a supreme national asset ... the new theatre can be said to be a theatre for the whole nation.

government is plural, not singular) recognize the importance of the theatre in the history, both cultural and otherwise, of the country, and accordingly have paid out 16 million pounds to build the new National Theatre. On the front inside of every NT program are these words: "Drama in this country is recognized as a supreme national asset, and the new theatre can be said to be a theatre for the whole nation..."

Surpassing both the Kennedy and Lincoln centers in the following respects the National has musicians playing in the foyer of its three theatres each evening, for the enjoyment of both passers-by and ticket holders alike. The other day a one act play was presented in the Lyttelton Theatre; it, too, was free. There are also eight bars, many terraces a couple of buffets, and an expensive but pretty good restaurant, serving European food, which stays open for dinner after all evening performance.

Since I am a newspaperman, any place I go I tend to turn to the local papers to get some indication of what the place is like. And in London, the most vivid impression I have from the papers is sensationalism. One can see it in the streets and advertising; one can see it in the movies (Charles Bronson, leading "The Raid on Entebbe," seems to be extremely

CIA Protest

(London—Jan. 9) Who wouldn't give their eyeteeth to march eight miles through beautiful downtown London in defianee of the CIA? Despite the freezing rain on Superbowl Sunday, the authors assembled with various Communists, Socialists, Union representatives, students and journalists for the trek along the Thames, past the Houses of Parliament and various government offices, up to Trafalgar Square and the Picadilly business area, and over to the American Embassy and Hyde Park, for a rally.

Five busloads of London's finest accompanied the two hundred marchers even though there were no hecklers and not a hint of violence. The protest was a support of Phil Agee and Mar Hosenball, American expatriates who have been exposing CIA practices through the English press. The CIA allegedly influenced Britain to deport Agee and Hosenball and, under the Immigration Act of 1971, the two have had no right to learn the charges against them or face trial in London.

The Bobbies walked along both sides of the parade and formed a hundred-man ring around the U.S. Embassy grounds. Author McDonough remarked that the crowd didn't seem at all hostile, and a Bobby replied, "That's not what we're here for."

Underground journalism had a field day. We say salesmen for *Red Weekly, Socialist Union* and *Counterspy,* to name a few. A fat, bespectacled, white haired woman strolled about crying, "Everyone must have *Sanity*," the weekly paper that keeps tabs on and denounces all nuclear arms production. Flyers on everything from abortion rights to non-involvement in Ireland were passed about.

We were told that a solicitor was hired to free us from jail the next morning if any arrests occured. The rally culminated with speeches by Agee and Parliament Member Judith Hart, of the Labour Party.

The day's major chant was:

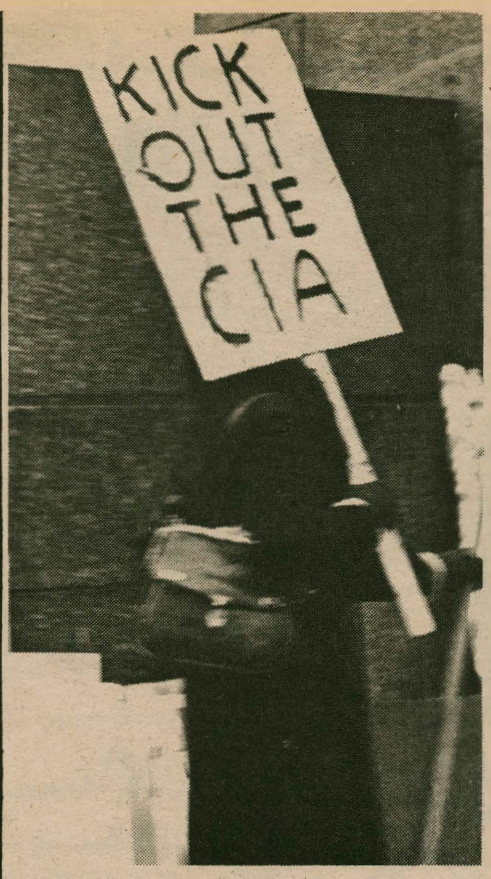
Out-with-C-I-A

Agee-Hosenball-Must-Stay.

We received skeptical glances upon setting this cheer to the tune of "Camptown Races."

We won't make any statement about the strong-arm tactics of our beloved CIA. We learned, however, that the people of this nation treat political problems more seriously and more intelligently than most of us in the capitalist superpower.

By Fred Ackerson and
Kevin McDonough



popular) ;one can see it in the twenty or thirty cheap porno magazines out for sale in the open air- but most of all one sees it in the newspapers.

I've been reading four every day. *The Times* and *The Guardian* are fairly conservative in style and content; it is the *Daily Express* which really catches the eye. It is not as gaudy as the *Evening News* or *Standard*- either of which would make the *Daily News* look unbelievably tame- but its crisp technical work does nothing to hide a garishness of content which we just don't see very much of in the States. The other day a family which had been recently released by Ethiopean guerillas had their story headlined on page one this way: The Incredible Tylers Tell Their Story and Stephanie Sums Up In A Woman's Way-- HAPPINESS IS A NEW BRA! The poor woman had actually said this, giving the *Express* its opening. Being fond of contests, the paper is about to sponsor one which falls into the hitherto unknown half of the "There'l Always Be An England" Department. To quote: "Find out how you can enter your dog in the *Express* Mutt of the Year contest and make it the best known mongrel of the year."

Each night the papers use small billboards to advertise the worst news of the day. Accompanied by newsboys, the placards shout at you: 700,000 KILLED IN CHINA QUAKE, CHURCHILL'S NEICE RAPED, VICIOUS KNIFING IN TRAIN, BABY KIDNAPED BY ASYLUM ESCAPEE,and the like.

For Americans the paper to read to get the good news from home is the *International Herald Tribune*, over fifty years old and going strong. Besides news, it includes the New York Times crossword puzzle and book reviews, editorials from *The Times* and *The Washington Post*, and columns by Reston, Wicker, Buchwald, Baker, and the rest of the NYT crowd. A welcome addition is David Broder, currently the best political reporter and columnist in America, from the *Post*.

As in some of the best papers, *The London Times* editorials are perhaps the best part of it. Accordingly then, "The awareness of the national failure is acute in (England). Loss of national pride and change of fortune have been accompanied by a shared reduction in confidence, whose effects have been pernicious. Yet, while this lack of confidence has much to do with Britain's intractable economic and political difficulties, it has not made this an unhappy country... Life is not dominated by a compulsive effort to succeed.

"No government can fashion a public mood, but a government which now moves on that direction will find an answering sentiment in the public."

London, then, seems to be surviving, and parts of the patient are even holding on well. If the editorial in *The Times* sounds a bit grim, well, that is the nature of editorials. The people here, like Americans, are friendly and polite, and they still have their own imitable way of doing things.

January 8 was the first day of Harrod's Year End Sale, and for days before, printed posters were put up saying: "On the first day of the sale, no trams, carts, or wheelchairs will be allowed." I find it hard to imagine them saying that in Bloomingdale's.

... a cheap Italian restaurant named after the crazy mouse act which used to play on the Ed Sullivan Show...

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They Teach for Love, Not Money

By George Teel and Brad Coryell

'None of us expected to get rich when we entered this profession, and at best we live in general poverty. We campaign for more and more, but I think that Hamilton is as openhanded as it can be, given the economic exigencies of these times.'

That comment, by the president of Hamilton's chapter of the American Association of University Professors (AAUP) Professor of History Edwin Lee, seems representative of the general attitude of Hamilton and Kirkland faculty members towards the compensation they receive. It seems that the faculty's dissatisfaction over the salary rates that grew out of the 'parting comments' of Professor of Economics William Snead—who in 1974 left Hamilton and teaching for law school because he said he "could not afford to teach at the salary I'm being paid."—has died down, and nearly all of the faculty interviewed seemed content with, or at least resigned to, the salary they receive.

"Most of us on the faculty, I think all of us, try to be realistic; I don't think we fool ourselves. The welfare of the college, not only our personal welfare, is high on our list of concerns. Lee said that his "feelings are of personal general satisfaction," but hastened to add with a smile, "As president of the A.A.U.P., I of course think that Hamilton should strain every muscle for more compensation and larger salaries."

The statistics show that Hamilton and Kirkland have been able to keep pace with comparable institutions in terms of faculty remuneration. According to an August 1976 study on salaries conducted by the AAUP, Hamilton and Kirkland exceed, for all ranks, the national average faculty compensation at private independent colleges which only grant Bachelor's degrees. However, Hamilton and Kirkland rank low when compared to other institutions generally considered their close competitors. (see chart). Hamilton and Kirkland can not even come close to competing with the salaries large universities or small, well-endowed prep schools offer. SUNY at Albany, for example, pays $33,400 for a professor (compared to Hamilton's 25,400). However, despite higher pay at other colleges and universities, and in other fields, most professors do not move around for higher paying positions.

The availability of teaching jobs is the major factor contributing to a professor's decision to stay put once he has found a teaching job. Nearly every teacher interviewed commented on the tightness of the job market, and this combines with the fact that most teachers are either overqualified for jobs in industry or simply don't have the necessary applied training, severely limiting a professor's mobility. In short, the country's economic pinch has cut down not so much the monetary quality of the jobs available as the number of jobs available. The end result is the kind of employment bind that is becoming increasingly common these days, and so sometimes any teaching job can look like a good job.

Hamilton Provost Sidney Wertimer agreed that "a question of supply and demand" is involved; however, "nobody forces people to come here. One of the reasons people come into teaching is because it is an agreeable occupation; they trade large salaries for the agreeable aspects. However, some, like Snead, don't find it worthwhile to sacrifice $10,000 a year," said Wertimer.

One professor, when asked what he thought about "supply and demand"—whether it meant that the college was taking advantage of a competitive, tight job market, commented: "The issue has been raised at faculty meetings, and the president and provost (he noted that both have an economics background) use a phrase that grates on non-economics faculty. The Hamilton tradition represented in the humanities is not to be ruled by market place laws. The administration shouldn't pay as little as possible just because it's a buyer's market and Ph. D's are a dime a dozen. Hamilton, it its financial position can do what is right, or possible, and not what is opportune or convenient."

The same professor commented that "the faculty is very conscious of the fact that Hamilton is extremely sound, financially well-off." He further remarked that "Snead couldn't live on his wage (and resigned), not because of any deep interest in the legal profession, but to earn a livable wage. An investment of going in hock for three years seemed worth it."

While actual salaries may be low, faculty compensation at both schools includes such fringe benefits as moving expenses for first time appointees, group disability insurance, major medical, surgical, and hospital insurance, and travel-accident insurance. In addition, a faculty child or spouse may attend Hamilton tuition free, or can receive a 750 dollar scholarship applicable towards another college. The college also pays one trip to a convention per year, for the typing costs involved in publishing manuscripts and helps

'Hamilton is stable, providing security for someone who doesn't want the rug pulled from under him...'

pay for equipment for research. There is also a pension fund, a student entertainment budget, and there is always what College Provost Sidney Wertimer calls "the ultimate fringe benefit:" after five years the professor qualifies for a free plot of land in the faculty cemetary!

Lee mentioned that one area of concern "for the faculty, much like everyone else, is sending their children to college." Hamilton provides a partial scholarship, but this "has never been increased and...is frequently an insignificant amount."

However, many fringe benefits which were common practice in the past have been abolished. There is no longer a ten per cent faculty discount at the bookstore, and the health center physicians no longer give free physicals. This was a "considerable fringe benefit" since a "full physical costs a pretty considerable amount of money, a couple of hundred dollars...This may seem to be nit-picking, but the faculty is sensitive to this...the last couple years have been particularly tough with the inflationary rate."

Another issue has been the gradual disappearance of subsidized housing. Carol Locke, assistant to the president, stated that "in the old days Hamilton could offer housing to all but a handful...but the college hasn't continued to build housing." Rents that formerly were subsidized have been "reevaluated and adjustments made to them to bring them 'closer in line'...they are fairly competitive with the market. This is a healthy thing; it doesn't put the college in the position of taking away business from the community." The college still offers some apartments on College Hill Road at a "reasonable rent," for new faculty.

Wertimer, when questioned about the housing situation, said that in 1967 Hamilton was "advised by legal counsel that subsidized housing was subject to taxation on the basis of the difference between the subsidized rent and an estimation of what the real rent would be." Wertimer also pointed out that this corrected some inequities; i.e.—there is no subsidy for off-campus faculty. Everyone is now more or less equally treated.

"Housing is periodically reevaluated and still comparatively low for the area," Lee noted and suggested that "the college is trying to get out from underneath the housing situation. There has also been a concurrent rise in faculty interest in living away from the college."

Another faculty member suggests one possible reason for the move away from campus. "(Housing) is a marvelous fringe benefit with a very reasonable rent, but it is also very paternalistic. You're paying back to the college a big piece of your salary, and this has a strange psychological effect. Some senior faculty members have moved off-campus to gain a sense of self-possession." He also pointed out that a lack of faculty housing can create problems: "There is almost no rental in the area. To live in this area is to buy a house, and this is a strapping cost to those just out of graduate schools." At any rate, all in all fringe benefits account for 15.5 per cent of the average professor's total compensation.

Many members of the faculty stated that they were drawn to Hamilton partly because of its emphasis on teaching, contrasting this with the over-size classes and "publish or perish" mentality of large universities. Carol Locke commented that Hamilton was for people "committed to teaching...they want to teach and do a good job at it." Even though the salaries are lower there are "fairly generous resources for research, summer travel grants, special endowments...to allow the faculty to grow instead of becoming deadwood," said Locke.

Douglas Raybeck, associate professor of anthropology at Kirkland said that non-monetary factors had been crucial in his decision to come to Kirkland. "When I came here there was no anthropology department. Having been offerred the job and accepted it, I was simply told to teach anthropology. That kind of freedom is hard to find, especially when you're just out of graduate school." What it boiled down to was that Kirkland offered Raybeck an opportunity to do some quality teaching at a small quality liberal arts school and the freedom to do it.

John Gordon, assistant professor of English, said that "Hamilton is very teacher-oriented, and the amount they do is higher than anywhere else I've encountered." Gordon noted that professors, even with a reasonable class size, may break it up into sections to allow discussion instead of formal lectures, even though it's "terribly draining to be in front of an audience for a whole day." Several professors commented that Dean of the College W. Lawrence Gulick is more oriented towards publishing, and Gordon stated that he is in favor of this new balance. "Teachers can go stale, and creative original work and publishing are signs of engagement in your field," Gordon Said. "The process of editing and constant examination keeps people lively and awake."

Raybeck noted that "there is pressure to publish," but suggested that "a lot of it is self-generated," the result of the professors' own interest both in their chosen field of study and in their own professional status.

Anne Ludington, assistant professor of mathematics, who received her M.S. and Ph.D. D. from Michigan State University, said that "from the first day there (at Michigan State) I knew I wanted to return to a small school," and that factor was instrumental in her deciding to work at Hamilton. She went to point out that "at some of the larger Universities you don't even see a (departmental) major for five or six years, here I was teaching Juniors and Seniors from my first year."

Steven Kaufman and Elizabeth Ring, assistant professors of philosophy, also thought that the small school atmosphere was important. Mrs. Ring noted that the smaller student body size enables her "to get to know my students," and Mr. Kaufman felt that the "small school atmosphere" was a definite plus and had been a factor on his decision to come here.

It seems that as the job market gets tighter, as more and more colleges and universities are finding themselves in financial trouble, it is retaining job security, not increasing job salary that becomes of primary importance. Kirkland last year instituted the tenure moratorium, which, in short, provided three years of guaranteed employment for anyone who opted to defer his tenure or reappointment decision.

"Hamilton is stable, providing security for someone who doesn't want the rug pulled out from under him," said Gordon. "Hamilton can pick and choose whoever they want, but the college isn't doing that. It isn't taking advantage. Even with tenure, the large universities with astronomical salaries have been firing without warning right and left."

Average Compensation (Including Fringe Benefits)

	Prof.	Assoc. Prof.	Assist.	Instructor
Hamilton	25,400	19,200	14,900	—*
Kirkland	—*	22,100	16,200	14,100
Amherst	29,000	21,400	17,700	—*
Middlebury	23,600	18,900	14,900	12,600
Williams	27,800	20,400	15,800	13,100
Colby	28,500	20,300	16,000	13,000
Haverford	28,400	20,900	16,600	14,100
Union	27,400	21,100	16,100	14,200
Swarthmore	27,000	19,900	16,100	13,000
Vassar	29,300	22,500	17,000	13,300
Nat. average	23,990	18,230	15,070	12,270

*Figures not listed

'...the last couple of years have been particularly tough with the inflationary rate.'

'... Some senior faculty members have moved off campus to gain a sense of self-possession.'

In Defense of Aaron Burr

By Finley Harckham

January 11 is the birthday of the late, great Alexander Hamilton, and to celebrate the occasion this year Dr. Samuel Burr, a distant cousin of the late, great(?) Aaron Burr visited the Hill in an attempt to set the story straight concerning this historic less-than-best-of-friends. His lecture was marked by wit, wisdom, and the determination one must have to champion the cause of a man who has been dead for over 140 years.

Dr. Burr is a retired chairman of the Department of Education at American University. He is also the founder and president of the Aaron Burr Association, which, among its numerous functions, publishes a quarterly chronicle.

Dr. Burr commented on the famous duel and his trip to the Hill in the January 12 New York Times. "Hamilton, contrary to popular belief, was not ruthlessly gunned down by Burr. In fact, Hamilton's insulting comments to Burr provoked the duel; he was the culprit. I think it's an honor to be the only one who tells the truth about America's greatest duel—especially at a school like this. They've got to know the real villain was Hamilton, not Burr. Perhaps I can show them the light."

Dr. Burr believes that his distant cousin has been misrepresented throughout history, but he speaks highly of Gore Vidal's book, ***Burr***. He insists however, that the fact that he and Vidal are 75th cousins has nothing to do with his opinion.

According to Dr. Burr, Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr had many common interests and experiences, some of which led to their

intense dislike for one another. Both men attended college before the outbreak of the Revolutionary War. Burr entered the College of New Jersey (now Princeton University) as a sophomore at the age of 14 and graduated summa cum laude in 1772. Hamilton entered King's College (now Columbia University) in the year of Burr's graduation at an age no one is quite sure of, but left to join the revolutionary forces. Burr enlisted as well, and the two worked together for a time as members of George Washington's staff.

Captain Burr was sent by Colonel Benedict Arnold to Washington's headquarters in New York City to report the loss of the battle of Quebec. The commander-in-chief kept him on as a staff member, a position Hamilton already held. It was here that both Burr and Hamilton would fall from grace in the eyes of the father of our country.

Washington left Burr in charge of his office one day and returned to find him looking through some correspondences on his desk. He berated Burr for fifteen minutes that day and never trusted him again, according to Dr. Burr.

Hamilton was called into Washington's office one day but chose to wait a short while before reporting (presumably to use the lavatory) and received an equally vituperative welcome. Washington soon forgot this incident, however, and developed a respect for Hamilton's talents. For example, Dr. Burr pointed out that Hamilton is believed to have had a heavy hand in the writing of Washington's farewell address. He went on the become a Major General before leaving the military at the war's end. Burr, on the other hand, retired as a colonel before the war was over because, according to Dr. Burr, both Washington and secretary of war Knox distrusted him.

Hamilton, contrary to popular belief, was not ruthlessly shot down by Burr.

Aaron's 'piercing black eyes' were actually green.

After the war, both Hamilton and Burr studied law and were quickly admitted to the Bar. "It has been said that Hamilton didn't like Burr because Burr won all his cases and Hamilton didn't win all of his," Dr. Burr remarked. Regardless of their respective "track records," Dr. Burr pointed out that both men were considered to be among the best lawyers of the time and in fact they worked together on several cases.

Banking proved to be another area of mutual interest. Hamilton, as a Federalist, believed that banking should be in the hands of the government, and in his time federal and state banks did exist. He served on the Board of Directors of the Bank of New York and was active in the Federal Bank. On the other hand, Burr, as an anti-Federalist and later as a Democratic Republican believed that banking should be a private enterprise. To that end, Burr established the Bank of the Manhattan Company (now the Chase Manhattan Bank), a private bank, using unallocated funds from a bill passed by the New York State Legislature, of which Burr was a member, to establish a water company for New York City. His actions infuriated Hamilton.

Both men had a strong interest in politics, and their opposing viewpoints led to an intensified hatred of one another. For example, Hamilton's father-in-law, Rufas Skyler, was one of New York's first two Senators. When his first term expired, both he and Hamilton assumed that he would be re-elected, and thereforedid not carry out a strenuous campaign. When the votes had been counted, however, Aaron Burr was the next United States Senator from the State of New York. Dr. Burr hastened to point out that this was another area which "Aaron had gotten the best of Alexander Hamilton, and Hamilton was furious."

In the presidential election of 1800, Burr ran for president with Thomas Jefferson (In these days, the man who received the second highest number of votes became Vice President) against Adams and Pinkney. Burr and Jefferson tied for the highest number of electoral votes and the election had to be decided by the House of Representatives. Jefferson won and Burr became Vice President.

It was shortly after the election that Burr was tried for treason. Many text books state that Burr made an offer to the British to "effect a separation of the western part of the United states for $110,000. When this offer was rejected, Burr supposedly organized an armed force to foment a revolution in Mexico (then a colony of Spain) or to force the cessation of the western portion of the U.S.

Dr. Burr refutes this theory and contends that Aaron Burr was making a "triumphal tour" of the west following his election victory. He believes that Jefferson had the treason charges "trumped up" against Burr because of the political threat that Burr posed at the time to Jefferson's plan for a "Virginia Dynasty" of presidents. Burr was acquitted by a jury of all charges.

In 1804, Burr ran unsuccessfully for the governorship of New York and was verbally attacked throughout the campaign by Hamilton. Believing his character defamed, Burr challenged Hamilton to a duel and mortally wounded him on July 11, 1804.

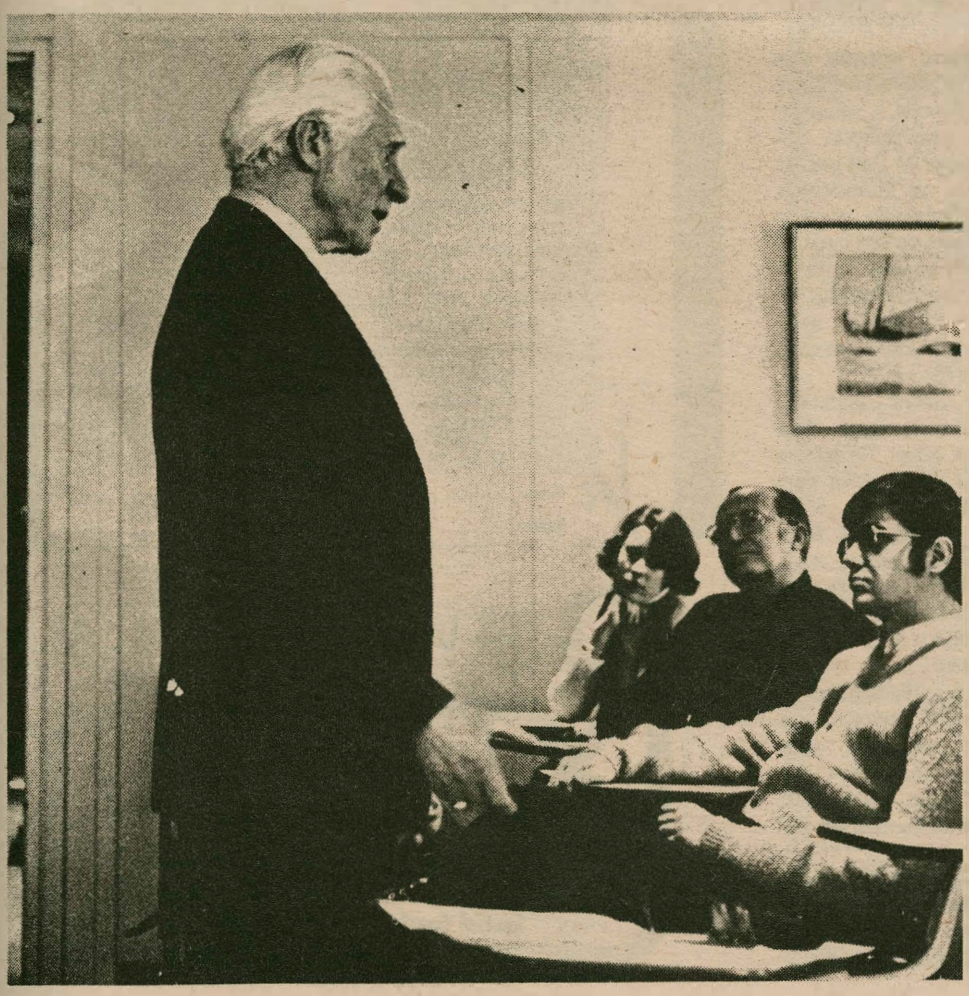
These were the major topics of Dr. Burr's account of the relationship between these two men. I found his lecture fascinating but his attempt to exonerate his ancestor was not thoroughly convincing. For example, what can be said of an officer who brought upon himself the wrath of the commander-in-chief and secretary of war by searching through Washington's private correspondences and being, as Dr. Burr admits, "disobedient" to Knox? And was it not this same man who pulled the wool over the eyes of the New York State Legislature to create a bank they did not authorize, thereby subverting the democratic process? Dr. Burr was quick to point out that contrary to popular belief, Aaron Burr did not found the infamous Tamany Society, but admitted that he was the first to use it for political purposes. Then, of course, there is the question of treason. Although Burr was found not guilty on charges of an overt act against the United States (which constitutes treason), there is considerable evidence that he had every intention of committing such an act had the situation availed itself.

...Hamilton didn't like Burr because Burr won all his cases and Hamilton didn't...

Regardless of the reality of the lives of Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton, however, it is the legend that Dr. Burr must try to change. For as he pointed out, despite the fact that Aaron's eyes were green, we read of the piercing black eyes of Aaron Burr. He also believes that the duel adds undue mystery to the legend because such incidents were fairly common at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

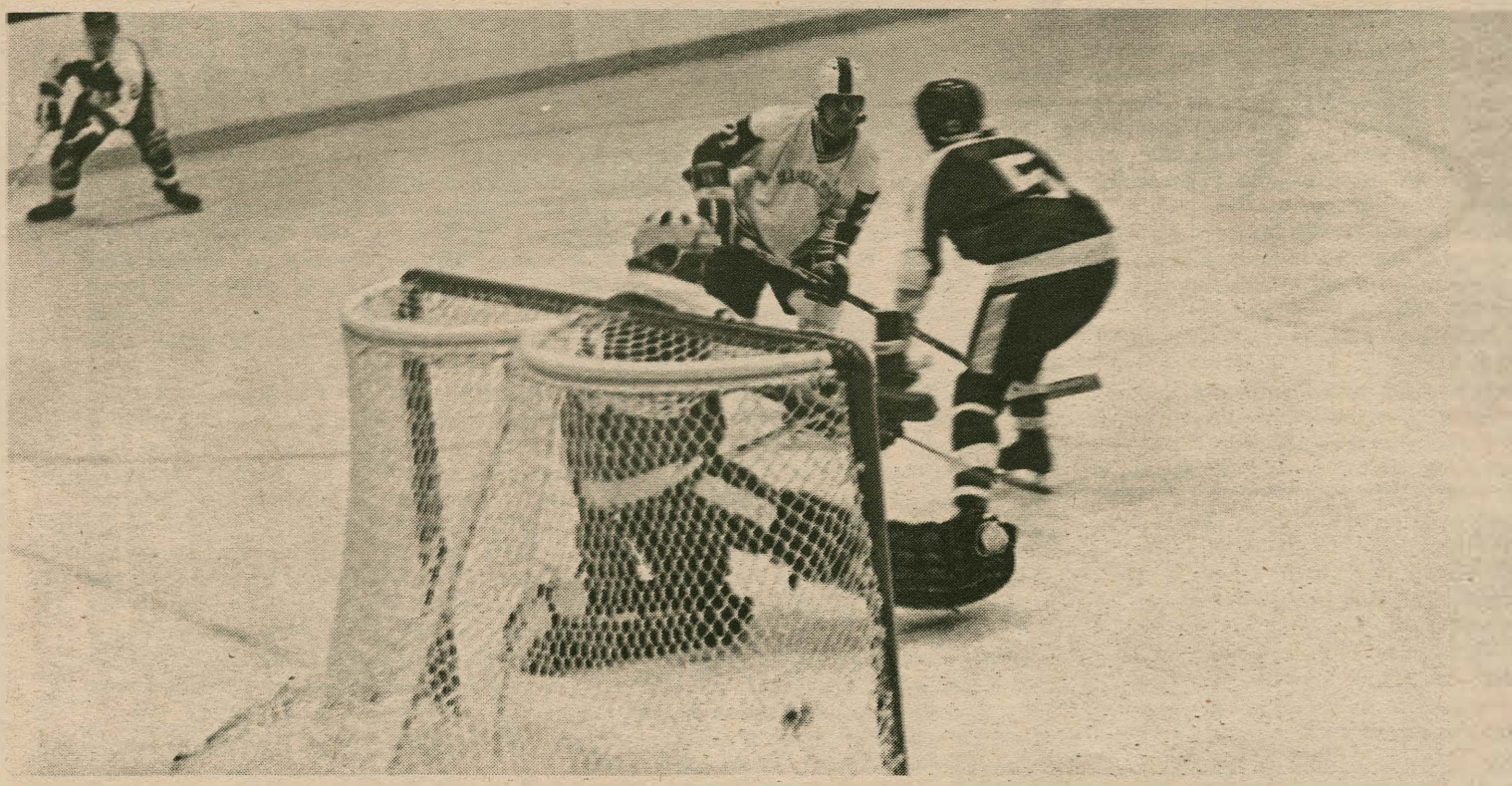
Yes, it is the legend which survives and is perhaps more important than any sordid truths which would make us aware of the human qualities of our founding fathers.

While introducing Dr. Burr, Dean Gulick expressed his hope that the speaker would not shatter the myth that has developed around the illustrious trustee of Hamilton College. Rest easy, Aaron Burr Lucky Shot Society, the myth remains intact.



SPECTATOR SPORTS

Continentals 1-2 On Winter Term Slate



Len Thomas scores one of his four goals against Williams.

By PAUL STELLATO

Any athlete appreciates a month of rest and relaxation—but not during the season.

The Continental hockey team found itself in just such a predicament last week. Hamilton began the season in December with wins over Elmira, Oswego, and Norwich, and a loss to perennially strong Salem State. Then came exams and vacation, resulting in a 30-day forced hiatus. Though the players stayed in shape during the layoff, the lack of competition took its toll.

Upon returning from vacation the Continentals faced a rejuvenated Middlebury squad at Sage Rink. Looking as though they had forgotten everything but the national anthem, the Blue dropped a 6-4 contest in which the score camouflaged the ease of Middlebury's victory.

The Panthers immediately dispelled any visions of upset that were dancing in the heads of Hamilton partisans as they unfurled their Vermont brand of hockey.

George Buttered

Continental goalie Shawn George, facing a battery of 24 shots in the second period alone, did as well as could have been expected. True, the netminder is the last line of defense, but in the second period George was the sole defense.

Middlebury held a 5-1 lead at the conclusion of the second period.

The Panthers scored the first goal of the final stanza and watched as the Blue made a valiant effort to even the tally. But the rally fell two goals short. Len Thomas, Tom Griffith, George Gilmore, and Phil Hildebrand found the net for Hamilton, as did Watson, Gahagan, Fitzpatrick, Plante, Bellew, and Babcock for Middlebury.

Thomas Scores Four

Len Thomas notched the deciding goal at 2:05 of the overtime as Hamilton edged Williams, 8-7, the following evening, in a fast-paced, wide-open shootout.

The Continentals, without the services of Keith O'Brien and Kurt Ziemendorf, moved smartly through the first two periods and held a 6-1 advantage at one point. But mental lapses on Hamilton's part allowed Williams to narrow the gap. The Ephmen pulled even at 7-7 on Bob Duffy's goal at 15:08 of the final period, necessitating an overtime. Then Thomas sent everyone home with the dramatic tally, his fourth of the night.

Mark Davitt, Steve Jackson, Chip Christopherson, and Ted Molloy netted the other Hamilton goals. Molloy, Christopherson, and Thomas each assisted twice. Rick Zeller compiled a goal and four assists on the Williams ledger. Also scoring for the losers were Norton, Mason, Vogelsing, and Egizi (2).

Hamilton goalie Ray Rossi stopped 43 shots and Chuck Cremeus had 30 saves for Williams.

Hamilton hosted Buffalo the following week, but they were thoroughly embarassed by the strong Buffalo offense, losing 8-2. Gilmore and Molloy scored for the Continentals.

Len Thomas was named Eastern Collegiate Athletic Conference Division II player of the week for the week ending Jan. 9 in recognition of his five-goal, four-assist performance in the Williams and Middlebury contests.

Hamilton rounds out the Winter Term schedule Jan. 22 at Sage Rink against Plattsburgh. The Continentals then hit the road for five games before returning Feb. 16 to face Oswego.

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Cagers Keep Right On Rolling

By CHIP HOLLANDS

The Continental basketball team improved its record to 7-2 with victories last week over Roberts Wesleyan, Albany State, and Eisenhower College.

On January 8, the hoopsters traveled to the home court of Roberts Wesleyan and earned a 98-78 victory to start off the 3-win week. Junior John Klauberg led the Continental attack with 22 points, with Cedric Oliver chipping in 20. The key to the Hamilton win, however, was the way the faster Blue forwards were able to rebound against the Roberts Wesleyan club, outrebounding them by a 51-29 margin with Oliver pulling down 19.

On January 11, Albany State fought a blizzard to get to the game in Alumni Gym and went away wishing the game had been canceled. With Albany ranked 3rd in the state and Hamilton 4th, the game promised to be a fast-paced and exciting contest to determine the best Division III club in the state, since the first two rankings were held by Division II schools. The game was worth the watching for all the cramped spectators, as the Continentals emerged victorious 97-91.

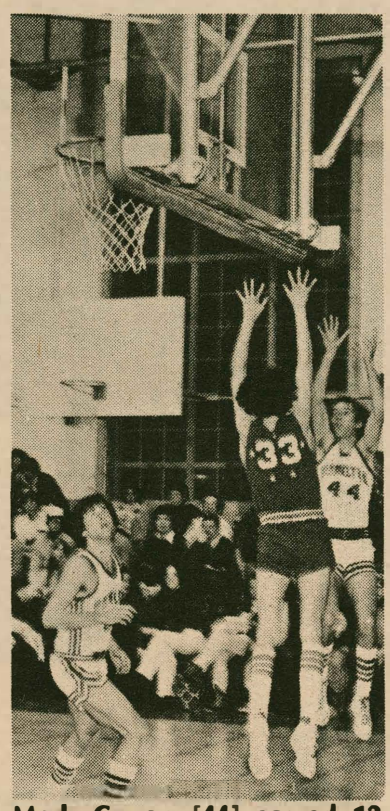
The big win over Albany State perhaps best illustrated coach Tom Murphy's team concept of individuals with special talents blending together on the court for an impressive victory. Murphy says, "everyone understands what their contribution should be, based on their own individual skills." The best shooters on the club led the scoring, with senior co-captain Brian Coombes getting 26 points, Klauberg 25, and Oliver 22. Aggressive co-captain Mark Rybarczyk pulled down 7 rebounds and played tough defense, while Cedric Oliver contributed 17 rebounds.

Kevin Osborne drives for two points against Eisenhower.

In the closing minutes of the game, with four Continental players in foul trouble, the ball-handling prowess of guards Willie Jackson and Bob Malaby kept the ball away from the Albany shooters and salted away the win. With the victory, Hamilton should move into the number three slot in the coaches' poll of the basketball teams in the state.

Although coach Murphy has many talented individual players, he feels the attitude of the entire Hamilton team that "plays together" is the reason for the club's success. Calling his squad a "close-knit group," Murphy stresses that it is the way the team practices so fervently that pushes each team member to improve his own game and then play that much better in the game situations.

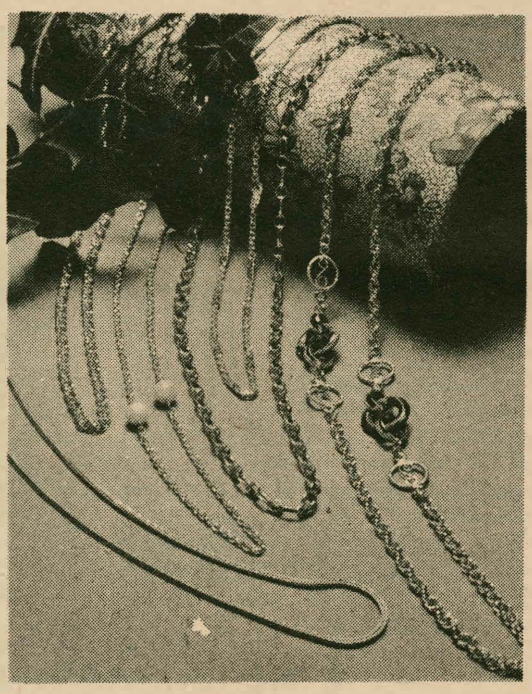
The fine defensive effort of John Klauberg in the Albany State game perhaps best illustrates this concept of improvement of individual skills helping the team. The Klauberg of years earlier did not play the aggressive defense that caused several crucial turnovers against Albany State.



Mark Curran [44] scored 12 points and pulled down 17 rebounds.

The Continentals played host to Eisenhower College on January 13. The out-classed Generals were no match for the talented Hamilton cagers, as the final score of 113-77 attests. Coach Murphy substituted freely, as all the Hamilton players scored except Willie Jackson, who sat out the game on account of nagging leg injuries. Senior Mark Curran played especially well against Eisenhower, scoring 12 points and illustrating just how good the Hamilton bench can be if given the opportunity to play.

Continental fans can continue to look for more wins from the ballclub. The hoopsters play arch-rival Union College on January 22, but the rest of the Winter Tern schedule does not include teams of the caliber of Albany State. The Utica-Hamilton tournament on February 5-6 should offer the next real test for coach Murphy's club, as they play highly-regarded Dowling College in the opening round.



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